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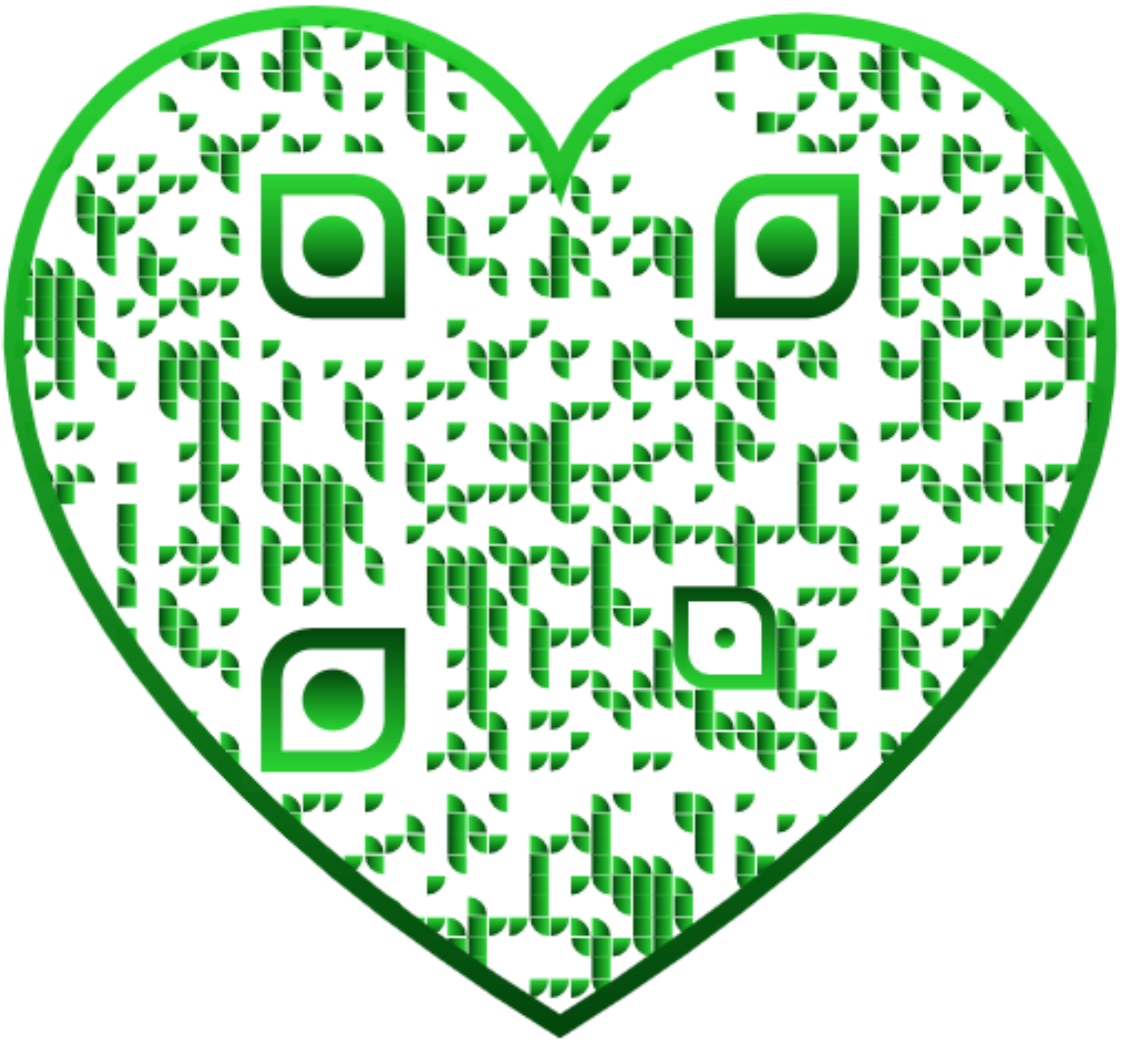

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LED ZEPPELIN

THE LAST WALTZ?

"People criticize what they fail to understand."

by Andy Secher

We wish it to be known that the loss of our dear friend and the deep respect we have for his family, together with the sense of undivided harmony felt by ourselves and our manager, have led us to decide that we could not go on as we were.

—Led Zeppelin
December 4, 1980

With those words Led Zeppelin's eleven-year reign as the undisputed rulers of rock's heavy-metal kingdom may have come to an abrupt and untimely end. The tragic accidental death of drummer John Bonham last September did what many never thought possible. It grounded the mightly Zeppelin, perhaps forever.

Although some viewed Zeppelin's demise as inevitable in the wake of Bonham's passing, the startling reality still shocked rock fans everywhere. Within hours of Bonham's death, (attributed to suffocation under the combined influence of alcohol and barbiturates) rumors regarding the group's future began emanating from virtually every corner of the globe. From London came reports that the band already had announced plans to reform, using Bonham's teenage son as his father's replacement. Another story had Plant preparing to enter a recording studio to begin work on an acoustic solo album that one British observer cynically noted, "would make him the Donovan of the '80s." Yet another rumor had the band's three surviving members forming a new band to follow in the Zeppelin heavy-metal tradition. But all speculation ended with the band's brief December, 4 statement.

But the tragedy of Bonham's death was not limited to his passing. Just before his death it seemed that Zepplelin had finally come to grips with the "demons" that sometimes cast shadows on their success. Preparing for their first American tour in nearly three years and working on a new album they hoped would unify their more complex musical aspirations with their heavy-metal roots, they seemed secure in the knowledge that neither their inactivity nor their recurring personal problems had damaged their incredible popularity. Despite the emergence of a whole new generation of heavy-metal practitioners, Led Zeppelin remained the single most celebrated rock band in the world.

Then, suddenly, it seemed to be over. Was Bonham's death the epitaph for Zeppelin's long and glorious career?

TOPIX/Kate Simon

John Bonham's tragic death has grounded Led Zeppelin, perhaps forever."

"This band has always been a rather strange and precarious venture." Jimmy Page stated shortly before Bonham's death. "I never would have believed we could have lasted this long." Page's words seemed to further enforce the fact that despite all of their success, Zeppelin's history has often been veiled in mystery and intrigue. Zeppelin sometimes seemed almost inscrutable. They were a reclusive group whose rare concert appearances and sporadic album offerings were nearly always well received, dated though they may have appeared to some.

No less an authority than Robert Plant has indicated that there may well be more involved with Zeppelin's possible untimely end than merely Bohman's death. After all, he contends, bands as divergent as the Who and AC/DC have not only survived the recent death of a band member, but have returned to the rock wars stronger than ever. It is the belief of many that Zeppelin's incredible string of misfortune — which, in addition to Bonham's death, has included the death (due to unknown illness) of Plant's young son Karac, the mysterious death of a Zepplelin roadie, and an auto accident in which Plant and his wife were seriously injured — can be traced directly to Jimmy Page.

Over the last six years, Page's fascination with the occult and black magic has grown from a between-tour hobby to a full-time obsession. Just last year he purchased a London bookstore that caters exclusively to a clientele interested in occult literature. And, for a number of years, he has owned the estate of the notorious mystic Aleister Crowley, infamous throughout the world as perhaps the most wicked man who ever lived.

TOPIX/Bob Gruen

Jimmy Page: "Some believe in superstition, but superstition itself is more the evil."

While some believe the Crowley estate casts a spell of death over all who come in contact with its owner, Page continues to refute any charge that his dabbling in black magic has brought misfortune to those around him. "People sometimes criticize what they fail to understand," he stated. "Some believe in superstition, but superstition itself is more the evil."

The role black magic played in Zeppelin's history probably wil never be determined if, indeed, it even exists. It would be foolish, however, to let this alleged controversy taint the band's importance in shaping the musical perspectives of an entire generation. While, they may have lacked the Beatles' pop insight or the Stones' sheer outrageousness, Zeppelin was almost single-handedly responsible for shaping popular music by proving the artistic and commercial viability of power rock. Whether it was on hauntingly beautiful pieces such as *Gallows Pole* or epic rockers like *Whole Lotta Love*, Led Zeppelin's glorious synthesis of blues passion, rock simplicity and jazz eclectism became the definitive statement of heavy metal's volatile charm.

To the uninitiated, Zeppelin may have been merely the loudest, most overwhelming band in rock. But to the millions who understood, their work set musical precedents that changed the course, if not the very structure, of rock and roll.

Often Zeppelin appeared an intricate mosaic comprised of brilliant pieces blending together in a strangely compelling masterpiece. Page, the sorcerer, using his infamous violin bow to cast spells on audiences; Plant, the brazenly sexual, golden-haired Adonis; John Paul Jones, the quiet, multi-instrumental master; and, of course, Bonham, the fun-loving "Bonzo" whose fierce drumming style remained the heart and soul of the band's pulsating sound.

"I never would have believed we could have lasted this long."

From the moment they first emerged out of the English blues-rock fusion of the late 1960s as the New Yardbirds (the name they used during their first European tour), Zeppelin remained at the forefront of rock's creative evolution. They possessed a talent for tempering their more metallic riffs with an instrumental dexterity and a lyrical sophistication that belied the tenacity of their hard-rock style. Their ingenuity allowed them to transform the most rudimentary blues runs and overabused pop cliches into an exciting musical hybrid carrying rock until then unknown frontiers.

What the future holds for the band's surviving members is, at presstime, uncertain. Their record company, Swan Song, carries on. But it is easy to imagine Page, after over a decade and a half in rock and roll giving up the rock lifestyle to concentrate on building his own recording studio. Plant, on the other hand, seems fully committed to continuing his music career. On various occasions he has expressed his desire to create a fold-rock group similar to the Incredible String Band. While such a group obviously would be a sharp contrast to Zeppelin's hard-rocking mayhem, it would provide him with the musical diversity that he has been seeking. Jones, long renowned as one of England's most talented session players, may return to his role as a roving minstrel, free to play with any performer he wishes.

Of course, there is always hope for a reformation, with Page, Plant and Jones adding a new drummer and once again unfurling Zeppelin's heavy-metal banner. But no matter what the future may hold, the musical legacy that Led Zeppelin leaves millions of thankful fans will always be an integral part of our lives.□

REO SPEEDWAGON

HARD ROCK AND PETTY CRIMES

Ten Years on the Road and They're Gonna Make It Home Tonight.

by Rob Patterson

REO Speedwagon presents a strong case for justice in the rock music world. In the span of their ten-year, ten-album career, they've sold millions of LPs worldwide and sold out major stadiums and arenas across the country. But in some cities their draw and appeal is but a notch above the "couldn't even get arrested there" level.

REO recently played New York's Madison Square Garden as "very special guests" of Bob Seger, their first opening gig in five years. "Before we went on stage," relates REO's animated and gregarious lead singer Kevin Cronin, "John Baruck, their manager, and Tommy, our road manager, went out into the audience. Tommy sat down next to these two kids who were sittin' there hollerin' and yellin' and Tommy goes, 'Hey, these guys are pretty good — whatta ya think of 'em?' They said 'Yeah, we love 'em. Got all *three* of their albums.' "

Although it's a compliment to Cronin, since the three albums most likely to be owned would be the ones he's produced for the band, the idea still troubles him.

"In the midwest we're huge," he says. "Even as close to New York (City) as Rochester — I don't know really how close it is, but they *are* in the same state — we hold an attendance record. Of course the night we played there the promoter snuck in an extra fifteen hundred people and the fire marshals freaked and lowered the maximum capacity. So there we hold an attendance record that will never be broken."

As he sits in yet another hotel room, Cronin observes: "The Northeast is one place that hasn't caught on to us yet, probably because we haven't yet had that big hit single. But I'm actually proud that we've been able to sell some six or seven million albums worldwide without a hit single."

The best way to explain that success without a hit is to see REO live. They are the essence of the tight,

Laurie Paladino

With *Keep on Loving You* and *Take It on the Run* REO's lead singer Kevin Cronin has finally had a couple of hit singles.

REO Speedwagon, from left: Alan Gratzer, Bruce Hall, Neal Doughty, Kevin Cronin and Gary Richrath.

tuneful and powerful American band, led by Cronin's silky vocalizing and the taut, speedy guitar work of Gary Richrath, one of America's most ignored guitar talents. Their last headlining gig in New York a few years back at The Paladium even prompted an esteemed reviewer from *The New York Times* to admit that REO was one of the better live bands playing the rock circuit. And one really can't mention REO without talking about that circuit.

"I would imagine," posits Cronin, "that in ten years of playing two hundred to two hundred fifty dates a year until two years ago, we've probably played over two thousand maybe twenty-five hundred gigs, which really doesn't sound like that much to me," he adds with a quizzical expression.

"But I guess that's a lot of gigs with the same band ... a lot of years, and a lot of days of those years."

And although Cronin laughingly laments the many hours of those days spent traveling from one place to another, REO knows how to have a good time on the road and survive. A typical REO night might be something like this writer's interview a few years back: starting backstage at New York's Paladium, proceeding uptown in a smoky limo to the Manhattan rock club Trax, ending up at Hurrah (then a *disco* disco, now a *rock* disco) where the tired interviewer finally said good night to the band as they piled into the limo with a couple of girls. Various inebriants were happily but carefully consumed over the course of the evening, but the legendary rock and roll crazies never exceeded what any non-rock and roller might experience during a night out with friends.

That's why, after a decade of hard work, REO are still in top form even if not actually approaching the peak of their career and talents. From what certainly could be termed modest beginnings in central Illinois, REO have steadily expanded their appeal by delivering a rock and roll package that should satisfy even the fussiest listener. They've got the balls to keep the hungry power-rockers happy and the songs to grab the ears of more traditional pop fans. They are even responsible in large part for helping launch the career of rock music's most successful manager, Irving Azoff. Today Azoff handles superstar acts like the Eagles, Steely Dan, Boz Scaggs, and Jimmy Buffett, but his very first recording act was REO Speedwagon. REO carry on under the guidance of Azoff's former partner Baruck.

But back to that hit single, something that preoccupies Cronin's busy mind as we talk.

"Now I'm in the state of mind where I think, 'let's get a hit single,' " he asserts. "We obviously need one. That's what people are waiting for from us.

"By the way those things won't get you high. They're for my ulcers."

"I think I've written hit singles. We've had songs that have been number-one national killer.

"But AM radio's a weird animal these days. I've still got this passion in me —we've made it this far without them. It'd almost make me kinda mad if the people who've been keeping success from us were responsible for our success and I'd have to go in and say, 'gee, thanks guys for makin' a success of us. Also thanks for fuckin' us for ten years.' But I'm not going to deny a hit.

"I think we deserve it after all this. We've worked real hard, and one thing I can say is that nothin' we've done — and I don't know how many other bands feel this way — but nothin' we've done bothers my conscience or embarrasses me. I don't think we've ever compromised ourselves.

"I feel like *Roll with the Changes* shoulda been a hit single. *Time for Me to Fly* shoulda been a hit single, and it was in many parts of the country, but not all over the country because unfortunately right when that record came out Epic Records came apart because Ron Alexenburg left (to head up the now-defunct Infinity Records).

"I'm amazed that the **Tuna Fish** album did as well as it did then, and it's still selling six or seven thousand copies a week. Our live album sells five or six thousand a week, and our second album made in '72 and the third one from '73 just went gold."

One effective instrument in keeping REO's album catalog so active is the recent **Decade of Rock and Roll 1970 to 1980** compilation. Putting together that album gave Cronin a chance to remix the old tracks, the mention of which sets him off on a friendly tirade about producers.

Happy that he was able to fix tracks "that some other producer had made a mess of," Cronin recalls the realization he came to on 1976's **REO** album: "Wait a minute — I think the problem all these years is that we had a producer, and we don't need one.

"I'd always find myself at odds with the producers ... all the time. Through our first six albums it was always a fight. I knew what I wanted a song to sound like. If I write a song, in the back of my head I've got the whole arrangement worked out. It's just something that — I don't even know how it gets there — it just comes.

"So then there'd be some knucklehead producer who'd never even heard the song before, except for maybe a basic track. I mean, John Stronach, who produced the **REO** album and is a talented guy who's worked with people like Joe Walsh, he kept tryin' to tell me about *Keep Pushin'*. That song has only three chords in it. Not only that — I made up the chords. So when you hear a rhythm track of *Keep Pushin'* with maybe bass, guitar and drums, it sounds like three chords over and over again.

"So this guy is sayin' stuff like 'That song sucks, get it off the record.' And I'm goin' 'wait a minute — I *know* that this is gonna happen, and that is gonna happen and...'

"What a pain in the ass! Finally I fought the song onto the record and it turned out to be the only song that did anything. That's when I finally realized..."

Suddenly the writer knocks over a vial of pills on the dresser. "By the way," Cronin interjects, "those things won't get you high. They're for my ulcer." All those years fighting with producers...

"I just figured," he continues, "we

© Jeffrey Meyer

Cronin on Gary Richrath: "I can tell by the way he's holding his guitar how Gary will play."

don't need a producer. And it's an odd coincidence that since we've been keeping the production in the band, our records have all been platinum, if not more.

"Nobody knows the members of REO like I do. (The current lineup includes Richrath on guitar, pianist Neal Doughty, bassist Bruce Hall, and drummer Alan Gratzer.) And nobody knows me like Gary does. When I'm out doing a vocal take and Gary's in there watchin' me, he can tell from my posture if I'm gonna sing good. He can just take a look at me and he *knows*.

"I can tell by the way he's holding his guitar how Gary will play, or from the way Alan is sitting behind his drums."

One gets the feeling that REO is an all-consuming passion in Cronin's life, and nowhere is that more evident than is his excitement over the latest album. Cronin sits me down with headphones to listen to five tracks while he hops into the shower before the evening's gig, and after one listen it sounds like the best work REO has ever done.

Cronin explains that the new album title, **High Infidelity,** is sort of an inside joke of the band's since they've been experiencing an onslaught of marital and relationship problems recently. "This album is literally about a year on the road and what happens to us. It's the most honest album we've ever made — we're really writing about ourselves and what we feel."

Unhappy that their last LP, **Nine Lives,** was rush-released before they had a chance to really finish it, Cronin and the band spent a good deal of time talking about what they wanted to do with this one, the big number ten.

"At first we thought 'hey, how about a concept album. Maybe that will be what will get us across.' Then we realized that you don't think up a concept and then write songs to fit it. It just doesn't work that way." Yet they've written a concept record without trying.

"We did this one in a weird way — the album was almost recorded by accident. We were in rehearsal and were better rehearsed for it than ever before. We had the time to finish the songs on it plus a couple more that won't even be on the album. We rehearsed them until we knew them inside out.

"So then we were going to cut demos of the songs, and I thought, we know these songs awfully well, we might just get them on these demos. We did the demos at this little studio called Crystal Sound in L.A., not at Kendun where we usually work. It's a funky-looking place with this very weird sort-of fifties design, but a lot of British acts use it, like Elton John, and most of the Motown people. The main one is Stevie Wonder. So I figure — 'well, he can't *see* this place, but...' so I guessed the place must be pretty good.

"The other thing was that our engineer used to work there and knows the room. So we set up really fast — got the drum sounds in like fifteen minutes where it normally takes days — and cut all the songs in two days.

"Then we go into Kendun and spend all the time setting up and start redoing them. The very first song we tried we musta done over a hundred takes just trying to get the basic track. I mean we even stopped counting which take it was after a while. But we weren't getting it."

Then one night Cronin had a nightmare. "I figured that if the whole process was giving me nightmares — hold it. Something must be wrong. So I suggested we go back and listen to the demos, and they were it —just what we wanted but weren't getting. So we're using a lot of the basic tracks, some, quote, scratch guitar leads and even one, quote, scratch vocal from those sessions. The album is really powerful and live-sounding, which is just what we wanted. Now I hope we can fool ourselves again in the same way on the next one."

With the combination of hot tracks and such memorable shots at a hit like *Tough Guys, Wish You Were There,* and *Keep On Lovin' You,* Cronin feels that this REO album will be the one to put them over the top.

But as he says, "If there are some hit singles on the album, it's not because I sat down and thought, 'okay, I'm going to write some hit singles.' That's not what happened. Maybe my songwriting has matured. I don't know.

"If this album doesn't do well," he concludes, "this may be the last time I talk to you. I may retreat to a cave in Colorado or something."

Somehow those words sound strange coming from the mouth of a trouper like Cronin, although he did quit the band for the space of two albums much earlier in their career. I ask him if he really *could* retire.

"I probably have made enough money so that I could do that. I say that, but I don't really mean it.

"REO has become a part of me, and the combination of Gary and I is really solid. I suspect I'd never retire —just roll with the changes or whatever they say and make another album.

"But I can't imagine this one not happenin'. We've put too much time into it, and it's just too good..."□

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DOES GARY NUMAN EVER SMILE?

STILL FRIGHTENED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

Suddenly his face lights up, his lips curl skyward and he cuts loose a laugh.

by Janel Bladow

Looking as if he just deplaned off a UFO, Gary Numan doesn't exactly seem to fit in his New York hotel suite. His hair, hard-edged and black, has a touch of red dye number two at the crown. He's definitely dressed up for the new wave in high contrast to his environment, a massive blur of pristine gray-greens and apricots.

He chats nervously about what turns him on — from music to airplanes. At first I think it's the hotel room, neutralized into sterility, that has him uptight. Then he states that he probably won't go anywhere or do anything while in New York. People scare him. His shyness is often so pronounced that people assume he's arrogant when in fact Gary is just a loner, your basic nice guy. Things aren't always what they seem.

It's like when we talk politics. "I read **1984**," he smirks. "That's how much I'm into politics. I'm too much of a dreamer." Ten seconds earlier he explained flying British Airways: "I'm patriotic."

But wait a minute: Is that a faint smile I see turning up the corners of his mouth? I call him on it. Suddenly his face lights up, his lips curl skyward and he cuts loose a laugh.

"I smile an awful lot, actually," he confesses in a tone that's more "really, believe me" than revealing. "I always resented being told to smile though. But I do laugh a lot."

After that, he smiles often. And, shock of shocks: Numan is more like his

Barry Schultz/RETNA LTD.

Gary Numan: "I'm not much of a dreamer."

subdued hotel room than his futuristic music. Talk about incongruity.

His success has been no less than phenomenal. In the three years since he formed Tubeway Army with bassist Paul Gardiner, Numan (really Webb) has recorded four albums, including his latest **Telekon.** In his native U.K., 22-year-old Gary was voted new artist of the year in 1979 and had two number-one singles and LPs ("*Are 'friends' Electric*" from **Replicas** and *Cars* from **The Pleasure Principle**). The band debuted in the U.S. last year with an eery yet charismatic appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, followed by the immediate top-ten hit, *Cars*.

Growing up in the London suburbs near the airport, all Gary wanted to do until he was 13 was become an airplane pilot. But the same day he abandoned that dream he launched another — to be a rock star. "I was plucking away at a cousin's electric guitar but, because I never studied music, I had to write my own songs. I couldn't play anyone else's." A couple of years ago he stumbled upon a synthesizer in a studio. "I didn't know what the keys were but I liked the sound." And with that, Numan changed from punk to telekenetic.

Gary Numan says his lyrics are influenced by the work of science fiction writer Phillip K. Dick though his favorite book is *Lord of the Rings*. He plans to leave rock in a couple years and set up videotape libraries in England and, on weekends, fly vintage antique (circa World War II) planes. Not surprisingly, *The Battle of Britain* is his favorite film.

"It's important to have ambition," says Gary. "The bigger the better. I've always dreamed of having a yacht, my own airplane. I'm almost there. I want the video thing and to be a millionaire. I'm going to have the flying business, World War Two planes making nostalgia trips. There's not much reason for being alive actually, if you're not aiming for something."□

THE ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND / KEEPING THE FEELIN' ALIVE

Ex-Lynyrd Skynyrd stars return with a hard-working, hard-rocking crew.

by Charley Crespo

Chris Walter/RETNA LTD.

Lead singer Dale Krantz: "They give me a complete open hand in writing lyrics."

What is the Rossington Collins Band?

"It's the best band this country's got," replied Dale Krantz, lead singer for the new Florida-based rock and roll band.

"I'm looking at ten gold and platinum well deserved records on my wall," bassist Leon Wilkeson said, speculatively but confidently. "I know we can do it."

About a year ago, guitarists Gary Rossington and Allen Collins grew itchy. At one time, as members of Lynyrd Skynyrd, they toured incessantly, playing before an ever-growing audience that was making the group one of America's biggest. The plane crash that took the lives of singers Ronnie Van Zant and Cassie Gaines and Cassie's guitarist brother Steve Gaines in 1977 abbreviated Skynyrd's rise to the top. The surviving members, Rossington, Collins, Wilkeson, keyboardist Billy Powell, and drummer Artemis Pyle became very low profile, but by Christmas of 1979, Rossington and Collins were ready to put together a new band.

"We never learned how to quit," Rossington, a man of few words, explained. "We knew it was time to just go."

Pyle was recruited into the new band, but a motorcycle accident left him with broken bones and serious injuries that incapacitated him for some time, forcing him to quit the group. Rossington, Collins, Powell and Wilkeson were joined by guitarist Barry Harwood, who'd played on Skynyrd sessions, drummer Derek Hess and singer Dale Krantz, formerly a backup singer with .38 Special, a Jacksonville band led by Ronnie's younger brother, Donnie.

In an attempt to establish its own identity, the Rossington Collins Band emphatically states that it wants to push forward as a completely new and independent outfit. The group specified that MCA Records could not use the Skynyrd name in promoting the new band. Except for the encore, the group's live set is comprised entirely of the band's new songs.

"We're trying not to live in the past," said Powell. "We'd be happy if we could block out the past."

"After the plane crash," Wilkeson said, "years of attitudes, something like that completely died. That old group would never be again, with the losses of Ronnie, Steve and Cassie. The Rossington Collins Band is the phoenix arising from that as an aftermath. It's not just the members that got off the plane; a group has *evolved*."

"As a new member, and the rest of the boys know them better," a bubbly Krantz said, "when I see Gary and Allen changing the name of the band, managing themselves and working on all new material, I wonder how long it will be before people realize it's a new band. (Gary and Allen) don't even talk to us about the old band."

Crew members hint that Rossington and Collins regret naming the band after themselves. Given the name before they really knew who would be in the band, Rossington said that the group works as a unit rather than as backup for the two guitarists who conceived the band.

"Everybody is contributing so much," Krantz continued. "Gary and Allen have said over and over again, it's not their band, it's 'our' band. They give me a complete open hand in writing lyrics. There are no stipulations. They don't say write a song about this or that. The name Rossington Collins Band could be misleading. It's a give and take situation."

At the RCB's first major concert, before a wildly enthusiastic and demanding SRO audience at Atlanta's Fox Theater, one former member of Skynyrd introduced the one encore by saying, "this song is for some brothers of ours who can't be with us, but they *are* with us." With that, the group tore into a rousing instrumental version of *Free Bird*, the Skynyrd staple.

"So much new material is coming out, just from the sheer inspiration of the guys being together, that I doubt very seriously we would do anything (by Skynyrd) other than *Free Bird*," Krantz explained after the first concert, "and it sounded fine as an instrumental.

"I wouldn't want to sing any of Ronnie's songs," the powerful lead singer continued. "I mean, I was as big a fan of Ronnie's as anyone on the street, and I'm not saying that as a musician or as a peer.

"In rehearsals, every once in a while, the guys would break into Skynyrd songs, and I'd sing the few lines that I would know, but *Free Bird* was the only song they really wanted to do."

"The tour has been surprisingly successful," Wilkeson said a few weeks later, "beyond anything we could have anticipated. The stamina of the group has just been there every show. It's still been happy, audience wise and performance wise. It seems impossible for us to have done a show and not been good to some extent. I guess for some of us, we're just enjoying the thrill of performing again.

"In the last days of Skynyrd, we'd finally gotten on a highly productive emanating force; everything was coming to a head, I think. The same thing is happening now. It's a totally dedicated effort."

How dedicated? Rossington summed it all up: "The only time we're happy is when we're playing."□

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JETHRO TULL

IT'S NOT OVER UNTIL IT'S OVER

"Too old to rock and roll, too young to die."

by Charley Crespo

Jethro Tull may be too young to die, but the venerable English rock band recently came very close to retirement.

"In April of 1980, following conversations that had taken place between past members of the group over the last year and a half, we decided to postpone any further Jethro Tull activities," said Ian Anderson, the group's founder, leader, chief composer and arranger, singer and flautist. "In other words, disband Jethro Tull as a recording and touring entity, since all of us in the group had individual projects that we wanted to follow, musical and domestic."

It was then that the tall, bearded Englishman planned a long-promised acoustic solo album, which he insisted would not be promoted with the traditional concert tour. Ahead of him, Anderson saw increasing time spent with his wife Shona and son Jamie on their two salmon farms in Great Britain. As the solo project evolved, with 25-year-old keyboard whiz Eddie Jobson, formerly of Roxy Music, Frank Zappa's band and progressive rockers U.K., his buddy Mark Craney on drums and former Tull members Martin Barre on guitar and Dave Pegg on bass, the music began to sound more like, well, Jethro Tull. Ultimately they became that group's new lineup. **A,** initially the projected title for the Anderson solo LP, is the title of Tull's 16th album and the selling point of yet another Tull concert tour.

"I was in the progress of recruiting musicians for a solo project of my own when Ian gave me a call from England," Jobson said recently. "He said he was working on a solo album and asked me if I would like to play on it. Since he saw me play for two years while U.K. opened for Jethro Tull, he was aware of my capabilities. Anyway, he's a good friend, so off I went to play on the Ian Anderson solo album.

"After I had completed my tracks and returned home, I got another call to return to England to do a photo session for the album. It was during the session at an airfield in Oxfordshire that I found out that the record was going to be a Jethro Tull album rather than an Ian Anderson album. Now, to some people, that may not sound like two different things, but I just didn't plan to be a part of someone else's group again. So, Ian agreed to identify me as a special guest on the album and on the tour."

"Unlike some of the other people in the group and most people in most groups, I've never played with any other musicians, I've only played with the people who have been in Jethro Tull," Anderson said earnestly between drags of an English cigarette. "Although there was no great dissatisfaction with the lineup or any great ill feeling on a social level with the group, it just felt to me like if I was ever going to have a go at playing with some other people and getting the input of other musicians, then I ought to do it now rather than in five years' time."

Ian Anderson: "The Tull fans go out and buy it even if they don't like it."

Although as many as fifteen musicians can claim they were at one time in Jethro Tull, the group, always led by Anderson, has had fourteen gold and five platinum albums in the U.S. When Jethro Tull formed thirteen years ago as an English blues-rock band, a style then quite fashionably underground, most popular groups had little use for wind instruments. However, Anderson's incredible flute playing and colorful stage antics overcame the band's self-made obstacles by winning over an audience among the quickly proliferating leagues of blues-rock fans. Mick Abrahams, Tull's original guitarist, left to form his own Blodwyn Pig when Anderson began bringing in varied influences; this allowed

Anderson substantially more freedom, leading to the concept albums **Aqualung, Thick as a Brick, Passion Play** and to varying degrees, virtually every Tull album since.

"If I was in another line of business, making chairs or coats or selling corn flakes, I'd probably get, you know, some kind of letters after my name," he joked. "Not just me, but groups like Queen, Genesis, we ought to have B.A.s, C.B.s, knighthood...

"We are survivors in a very, very competitive business," he explained. "I don't know, it's a mixture of having a reputation for delivering the goods when it comes to doing concerts and the polite benefit of the doubt given us every time we make a record. The Tull fans go out and buy it even if they don't like it. It's quite good because I think one thing a Tull fan, if there is such an animal, believes is that even if he doesn't like the record the first time, he knows from experience that maybe after a dozen times, he'll get to like it, which is one of the subjects that crops up in letters I get from people."

The quickly recorded **A** was more of a group effort than previous Tull albums, according to Anderson, who insisted he is just one part of a group entity. Despite what he inferred was a groundless reputation for being a dictatorlike leader, the 32-year-old musician claims he has always encouraged band members to contribute whatever they can, adding, "I need all the help I can get." Anderson believes his contributions have dominated Tull only because he has always been a more prolific songwriter than his fellow band members. Much of **A** was written by Anderson in the morning, rehearsed in the afternoon and recorded the following day. But while his contributions again dominate, Anderson seems at a loss for words to explain how **A** is different from previous work.

"It doesn't sound to me conclusively like a Jethro Tull album," he observed. "It certainly doesn't embody the same musicians. It's hard to figure it out. My own feelings about it are a bit cloudy because the identity of it has been rather lost. I would have felt more positive about it if it were named Ian Anderson's solo album. I think I would have had a clear picture of what it should sound like, but I find it rather confusing."

© Jeffrey Mayer

Only Ian Anderson has been a part of Jethro Tull's sixteen albums.

The bulk of the repertoire performed on the recent Tull tour was from this new collection of songs. Much to the chagrin of his family, Anderson joked, Tull was off on yet another concert tour of the United States to promote the album.

"I enjoy competing in the live concert sense," he reflected. "Playing the stadium circuit, which we've been doing for quite a few years, is a dead end. Once you graduate to the stadium circuit, there's nowhere you can go but down again, you know, back to the clubs. You can't play bigger places. Surviving the competition, especially during the economic recession, brings out my competitive nature. I still get quite a kick out of doing that; that's where the main excitement lies. It's great for a musician who's been around for twelve years to still be able to compete with the latest and the greatest the world has to offer."

"Raising salmon is not unlike going into music; it is statistically unlikely that you will succeed."

Anderson now faces another challenge, this one outside of music. The Andersons have two farming operations, one in the south of England and another on an island off the west coast of Scotland. They move about between houses at the two locations, keeping an eye on the salmon they breed and sell.

"I think it is quite good, from a therapeutic point of view, to have an interest that is business, commercially-oriented but nonetheless a bit experimental, with a high level of risk attached to it," he said in explaining his involvement. "Raising salmon is not unlike, as a risk, going into music as a musician; it is statistically unlikely that you will succeed.

"The risk makes it all the more fun if you do succeed."

While the Andersons have accepted a new challenge with the undertaking of the salmon farms, the challenge Ian sought two years ago when he first officially announced he would make a solo album is again postponed indefinitely. It is ironic that not only were his own plans for a solo album thwarted, but so were Jobson's. It is also ironic that while most English superstar bands eventually splinter off, at least temporarily, for its members to do solo albums, of all of Tull's musicians, only Mick Abrahams has released a solo album. Jobson, however, openly states that he will be leaving Jethro Tull in April to resume his own project. At this point, Anderson's future, as a solo artist or as a member of yet another Jethro Tull lineup, is anybody's guess. Anderson feels he might possibly be "too old to rock and roll, too young to die."

"There are times when I feel too old, I mean, I really feel I can't do it again," he confessed. "It would be silly to say that wasn't the case, but I mean, don't you feel like that sometimes yourself on a Monday morning, whatever you do for a living? The mood passes...

"For the past twelve years I've been saying that the next tour was going to be the last, and I wasn't even going to do this one until I found myself saying, 'alright, we'll do another one.' Really strange. I don't know why," he said pensively. "But actually, now that I'm here, I don't feel too old for it. In fact, I feel distinctively younger than some of the people who are still about doing it."□

MOLLY HATCHET

HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

"He's from Hit Parader, all right — he's a HIT MAN!"

by Ed Ochs

Even for those who call it home, living in Los Angeles is like living on the road. You never quite settle down in a town where nothing's real. To rock groups on the road, L.A. is tour's end, time off, a chance to visit the West Coast branch of the record company and squeeze in as many interviews as possible. But when an unquenchable road band like Molly Hatchet hits an oasis like L.A., you can expect the unexpected. Sometimes the unexpected reaches out and pulls you in.

Molly arrived in L.A. at the end of their World Disaster Tour on behalf of their platinum album, **Flirtin' with Disaster,** and the release of their third LP, **Beatin' the Odds.** You see, Molly Hatchet is a six-wheeled road machine from Jacksonville, Florida, and they usually take to the road twice a year — two tours, six months each, back to back. They've been living like this since 1978 when they released their debut, **Molly Hatchet,** and if guitarist-spokesman Dave Hlubek (the *H* is silent) had his way he'd be sleeping on the road tonight and probably is. Hlubek is at home on the road "and home was never like this."

Oh, by the way, if you listen to AM radio and you expect to hear Molly Hatchet, you may have a wait. All-out rockers like Molly don't land hit singles every day, or even every year. Molly rocks too hard for transistors, and until you see them live — they've crisscrossed the country five times already — you can't imagine how any recording studio smaller than a coliseum could hold their Atlas-shrugging, barn-burning rock and roll attack. Jimmy Farrar has replaced Danny Joe Brown as lead vocalist on **Beatin' the Odds,** giving Molly "her" first touch of grace (for a Gargantua) and first real shot at radio appeal.

Although Molly was founded in 1971 when Hlubek linked up with guitarist Steve Holland, it had been building up in the bars of Jacksonville before that. Jacksonville native Banner Thomas met Hlubek in 1973 and became Molly's bass player. Drummer Bruce Crump was added in 1976 as was third guitarist Duane Roland. And of course, Farrar the singer succeeded Brown the shouter in early 1980. Sized up as a Southern rock band in the early going, Molly navigated fearlessly between Lynyrd Skynyrd and the Allman Brothers on their way to a sound more physical and

© Sheri Lynn Behr

Guitarist Dave Hlubek: "Hit her between the eyes with a ball-peen hammer."

less regional than most other Southern bands. If the three blazing axes of Molly Hatchet don't cut you down, the muscle behind the music will. Their strength is their strength.

Physical force may be one way to settle an argument, but it's no guarantee of musical credibility. Molly Hatchet has cultivated a reputation as a brawling barroom band not above sucker-punching someone to get what they want. But now they want something they don't know how to fight for — to undo the reputation they fought so hard to build. Molly wants to bury the Hatchet, and, after averaging 250 days a year on the road for three years, wash off the warpaint and win the respect that's eluded them.

It was in pursuit of this new "sweetheart" image that they brought me to Le Parc Hotel in Hollywood to talk to Dave Hlubek, self-acknowledged rock star, personable pirate and Molly's magnetic mouthpiece. Road manager Jeff Webb suggested that it was Hlubek's mouth that got him into trouble, the kind of trouble that can come from success. Though born and returned to Jacksonville, Hlubek was raised in San Jose, California, and he's toured the Coast enough to have a separate side-life there, as well as a past. When we met Hlubek was eating brunch in his hotel room with a telephone propped on a barstool next to him.

DH: I used to live out here, San Jose, California. I was a migrant farmworker...

HP: You're now a migrant music worker...

DH: But I'm not working for seventy-five cents a bushel basket of string beans now. I'm a corporate executive now — migrant farm-worker to corporate executive.

HP: How did you manage such a quantum leap?

DH: It was just a transitional period of my life. I just sat down and said, 'hey, I'm trying to make excuses to my landlord about why I can't pay the rent and why it's late.' I was just getting tired of getting kicked out of my apartment. So now we're just lounging around, overeating, quite a change (telephone rings), and there's the telephone.

Politely, I snapped off my tape recorder, not to record his conversation. Hlubek seemed to know the caller, but he was not happy with what he heard. "Don't

you come up here," he warned. "I'm in the middle of an interview!" Moments after he hung up, the phone rang again. It was someone with the road crew. "Don't let her up here," Hlubek scolded gently, making his point, "Hit her between the eyes with a ball-peen hammer, if you have to. Just stop her." Hlubek then suggested boning her like a fish if that didn't work.

That's when there was a knocking at his door that grew louder. "I'll be right back," Hlubek said as he ran for the door, slipped through a crack, closing the door behind him. From the hallway, muffled words of anger filtered through in fragments. A body slammed against the door, crashed against the wall and pounded down the hall. Battle curses seeped through clenched teeth. It sounded like Hlubek was getting the worst of it. Hlubek is a massive 5' 11" mountain man with a granite jaw and long brown hair down to his chest. What runaway zoo animal was using him as a battering ram?

The fighting got louder yet farther away. I stuck my head out the door very carefully. The hallway outside the room was empty. I ran down the corridor and peered around the next corner. There, in the middle of the next hallway, a

They may not be pretty but they're good. Molly Hatchet, from left: Jimmy Farrar, Banner Thomas, Bruce Crump, Duane Roland, Dave Hlubek and Steve Holland.

woman barely over five feet was trying to tear Hlubek's hair out by the roots. She had already ripped his shirt off his back. They were both gasping for air, their breathing laboring with anxiety. These two knew each other only too well.

'Give it back, you took it," she struggled out of breath, muttering something about a missing diamond pinky ring. Hlubek accused her of doing something to his luggage. I stepped between them, extending my arms out like a referee, "Calm down, you two. Think about what you're doing," I urged. A few guests had stepped into the hall to find out whether it was just a passing earthquake or the hotel was coming apart at the seams.

"Here's the man interviewing me from **Hit Parader,**" panted Hlubek, the road-weary rock star. "I told you he was here, didn't I?!"

"You're from **Hit Parader**, is that right?," she spoke as if from a thousand miles away. I nodded yes, but her eyes were glazed with rage.

"He's got a gun!," she began screaming at me, trying to tear Hlubek's face again. "He's from **HIT Parader** all right — He's a **HIT MAN**! Ahhhhhh!"

I had two spare black-bordered cassette cartridges protruding from my jacket pocket. Through her hysterical eyes the plastic looked like the handle of a gun. Hlubek was shaking in his boots, not from fear, but from strain. It took all his strength to restrain himself from knocking her cold. The intensity level was way over my head.

"You'd better go, lady," I said. "If you don't get out of here right now, you're going to find yourself in major trouble. Major trouble!" A few parting oaths of vengeance and the lady retreated towards the elevator in a daze. The last shreds of Hlubek's shirt fell into his hands. I looked at him. He couldn't even see me. We returned to his room, but he was so upset I went downstairs to the lobby to make sure she had left, in time to see her leaving. When I got back to the room, Hlubek was on the phone with his manager's office changing hotels. Everything had been thrown into one suitcase so that it would never close. The limo was waiting.

The next day I met Hlubek and his limo driver, John, for a Mexican lunch at La Talpa on Pico Blvd. in West Los Angeles. Against a backdrop of latin jukebox music, Hlubek ordered two burritos, two enchilada dinners, two tacos, tortillas, three orders of guacamole and chips, and a few glasses of ice tea. Yesterday — "It was so unbelievable it was believable," he said. "I've never done one like this before."

HP: You lead a rather sedate life, I see.

DH: No, I can't horseshit you like that about how laid back it is. Molly Hatchet is anything but a laid-back group. But usually I'm a very laid-back person.

HP: Has the band really softened its image?

DH: Yes, we have! (sarcastically). We have introverted into ourselves. It's the new image. God, what a crock of shit that is! Our band is definitely one in times past to whip ass when we have to. We're aggressive, but that's not uncommon. Somebody's always accommodating us. If you're looking for trouble, there's always some way you can find it. We haven't been one to go out there and look for it.

HP: Do you feel like you had to fight your way on to the charts, and now that you've made it, you don't have to fight anymore?

DH: I don't want to fight my way in, but physically, though, out there in a concert hall somewhere, when I'm trying to perform — because I'm getting off when I'm performing, I'm having a good time — I don't want to fight nobody. I don't want anyone to say, 'hey, that's Billy Badass Hlubek up there. Hmmm. This article says that they like to kick ass. Well so do I. Let's see how bad they really are.' We just want to play our music. That's all I really want to do.

HP: What about your next album?

DH: The next album will be the double live album. Molly sells herself live anyway. We're definitely a live band. Our records take us so far, and then the live show takes off from there. That's where most of our album sales are, on the road.

HP: You don't just like the road, you really thrive on it?

DH: I do. That's where I'm at home. There's where I want to be — I hate when tours end — I love my family but that's where I have to be — or I'll die.

HP: Do you want to go home?

DH: Very badly. I love my wife very much. To me, you might say she is Molly. I miss her very much. I called her at five o'clock this morning. She's the reason I keep doing this...□

THIN LIZZY

PHIL LYNOTT'S PIECE OF THE ROCK

"For me, an Irishman, to stop drinking, that's the worst."

by Liz Derringer

Phil Lynott, the leading force behind the hard-driving quartet, Thin Lizzy, is, among other things, the only ethnic rock star to come out of Ireland. Apart from his latest work with the band, *Chinatown*, Phil has recently enjoyed success with his debut the *Solo in Soho* LP. On a late afternoon, secure in the warmth and comfort of Warner Brothers' New York office, I had the opportunity to speak with Phil, Irish brogue and all, about Thin Lizzy's and his own latest steps.

HP: Is it hard to deal with the changes that you have to go through with new members — one year a hit record, the next year, no hit record?
PL: Well, the thing is that Thin Lizzy is very popular in Europe. As bad as it sounds, the world is not America, if you know what I mean. It has a great influence on the world, but to me, an Irishman, it's just another country. The ***Jailbreak*** album did so well that it went to me head, and I raved too much, and caught hepatitis. I had to stop drinking for a year. And, for me, an Irishman, to stop drinking ... well, sex is pretty tough ... but to stop drinking, that's the worst.

HP: You just acquired a new guitar player, Snowy White?
PL: He used to be with Pink Floyd and Peter Green. He did ***The Wall*** concerts with the Floyd when I was doing the solo album. We then decided that Snowy was the guy for us — he's more stable for the lineup.

HP: Tell me about the latest album, *Chinatown*.
PL: What with me getting the solo album out of me system and the band going through that long wait to find the new guitarist, we wanted to do an aggressive album. This time, everyone wanted to play rock and roll. We've only scratched the surface of what we can do, because we are a new band.

Thin Lizzy leader Phil Lynott: "I suffer manic depression but normally I keep it to myself."

HP: You have been around playing rock and roll for a long time now, things constantly go through changes and phases. Do you find it difficult to remain emotionally strong?
PL: I pick meself up real quick. I mean, if my career as an international figure ended, if the band didn't tour world-wide anymore, I'd be playing in a bar band about once a week. I could adapt to the situation. I don't think mine is the right to glory, and, hence, I'm just happy enough if I could get up on stage and express myself.

HP: Do you get depressed about the constant ups and downs of the rock and roll business?
PL: Sometimes, when you got hopes, dreams, plans and they're dashed, I suffer manic depression but normally I keep it to myself. I go around like a lone wolf on me own. Then, I figure something out and go on. I recently got married, and it's good to have her to talk to. I'm not the type to confide too much in anybody.

HP: Do you get angry if a record doesn't sell?
PL: If it's a good record and you can always tell on hindsight, then you can get annoyed. Funny thing is that if you write a good song, it's amazing how many of your peers will pick up on it. You don't make a record only to sell it to the public. You do it to communicate to someone, and if you can communicate to somebody whose opinion you respect, you get the benefit of the satisfaction.

HP: What do you like to write about?
PL: Anything from facts and figments of me imagination. For example, I wrote a fact song, *Killer on the Loose*. Right now, there's a killer on the loose, and I wanted to write a warning.

HP: Like Jack the Ripper?
PL: Yeah, and like an actor would assume the part, I assume the part of the killer and I state things that I don't actually believe. I got a lot of flack in England, because some people thought I was glorifying rape or writing a sexist song.

HP: What gives you the energy it takes to play on a rock and roll stage?
PL: Music, the power of the four of us locking in to one. You know when you're in school and you're working on a really hard problem right, and when you get the result you know, the problem is there before you, and you know there is an answer. And you're really into it and concentrating on it full blast, when you get the result, it doesn't matter. That period of time you spent concentrating on that problem, when your mind was fully functional, on this, one thing — it's very much like the feeling on stage. When I'm on stage, I concentrate so hard on the music. When the gig is over, me adrenalin is up because I've been so excited. Before the gig starts, I'm very relaxed, very cool.

HP: Do you get stage fright?
PL: There's only one city where I get stage fright, and that's Dublin 'cause that's me home town. I want the band to be at its best when we play because I want to be thought of with pride in me home town more than anywhere else.

HP: What's it like to be black in Ireland?
PL: There aren't many blacks in Ireland. My mother and father met in London. Me mother's white, and she went back to have me in Ireland. Then her and me old man split up, and I was brought up by me granny. I had a great childhood. The racial attitude is much different here than in Ireland, but I was a tough kid.

HP: Is that why you went into rock and roll?
PL: No, I found it was a way of attracting women.□

THE JOHNNY VAN ZANT BAND

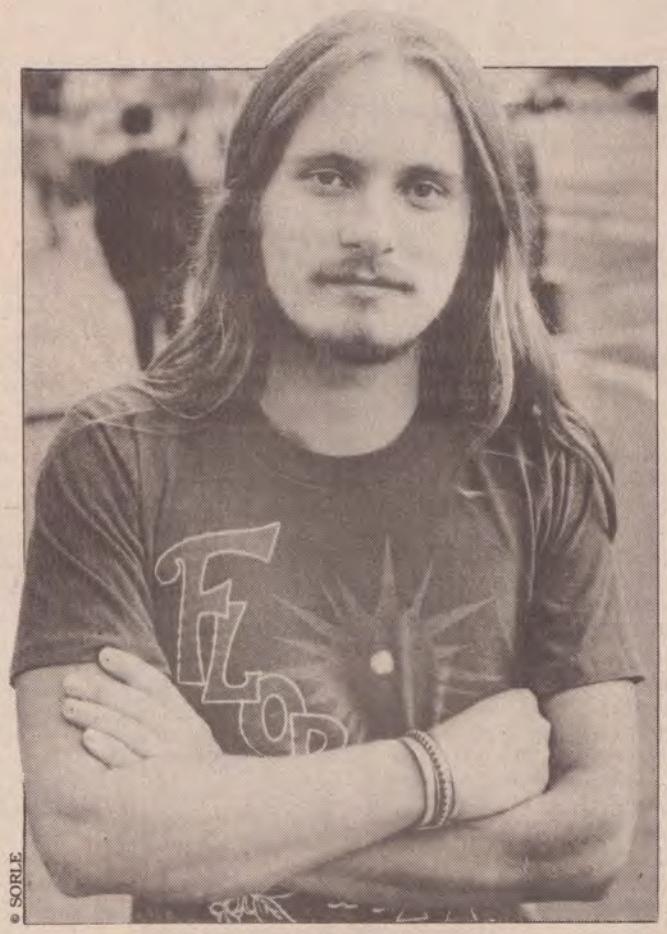
by Charley Crespo

Johnny Van Zant is breaking into the music business at twenty years of age. Of course music is nothing new to the Jacksonville, Florida, native, but the business is. Curiously, he tours his record company's New York offices, perhaps not really sure what he is looking for among the rows of unmarked offices and desks. With him is his eighteen-year-old nephew and the drummer for the Johnny Van Zant Band, Robbie Morris. They finally spot a door marked "men" and walk in.

Johnny is the youngest brother of Ronnie, the late founder and lead singer of Lynyrd Skynyrd whose life ended in a tragic plane crash, and Donnie, lead singer for .38 Special. It's not surprising then that Johnny never aspired to be anything but a rock performer. Ronnie bought Johnny a drum set when Johnny was about thirteen years old, a set nephew Robbie later "borrowed" and never returned. From then on, their direction was clear. A few years ago, the uncle-nephew team gave up their part-time jobs as newspaper delivery boys to follow a full-time career in the Van Zant (i.e., rock and roll) tradition.

"We used to get out in Lynyrd Skynyrd's equipment truck — they called it Big Blue man, we used to get out there and practice," Morris said in his southern accent. "That's when we first started off. We had two sets of drums set up in there and one little guitar that our next-door neighbor didn't know but three chords on."

Eventually a band took form. With guitarist Robbie Gay in tow, the group called itself the Austin Nickels until the brewers of Wild Turkey whiskey threatened to sue ("they said they were a religious company that wanted nothing to do with rock and roll," remembers the blond, curly-haired Morris. "What are they doing brewing whiskey?") Guitarist Erik Lundgren and bassist Danny Clausman rounded out the group. But, unfortunately, the quintet couldn't get many gigs because they were too young to get into bars.



Johnny Van Zant: "We had to do a lot of things on our own."

"There was a bar we used to play at every weekend out in the north side of Jacksonville," recalled JVZ. "It was a rough bar. I think the guy had something to do with the cops, so we got away with it just about every weekend until a reporter printed that we were eighteen years old in an article.

"We'd never play southern music, you know, while we were doing the bars," he continued. "Every once in a while we'd play a southern song from a band that was from the south, but usually we did Bad Company, you know, British music. We tried not to be too southern"

The JVZB didn't get as much work as other groups in the area, but with the gigs it could muster over the past five years, the young band began making itself known. While playing the copy material required of any band on a local circuit, they snuck in originals. Meanwhile, Ronnie and Donnie were already the toasts of the Jacksonville music scene. Johnny admits he occasionally looked to his older brothers for a helping hand.

"Yeah, but they also made it hard on us, too," he added. "They just really cracked down on us. They'd tell us if we were shitty or not. One day we got a call from Ronnie, he just said 'come over to the studio.' "

"So we went down there and they gave us a two-hour lecture about the music business," interjected Morris.

"The whole band was sitting there saying 'play anywhere'," continued Johnny. "I believe what it was, we turned down a gig playing in some place. They said, 'hey, you shouldn't do that.'

"Sure it was help, plus it was a lot of pressure on us, trying to play good because if we were shitty, they'd tell us. Ronnie especially."

"We'd go through a depression," Morris added, changing his voice to a disappointed groan, " 'aw, Ronnie hates us.' But it was for our own good."

"They helped just like any other brother would do," Johnny said, "but we had to do a lot of things on our own."

"Papa V, as everyone calls the father of Ronnie, Donnie, Johnny and three married, non-rock-affiliated daughters, encouraged his sons to pursue their musical inclinations, and he is now in the process of writing a book that may be called *Papa V: Rock Star Maker Times Three* that begins with the start of Lynyrd Skynyrd and ends with the imminent success of his youngest son.

Does Johnny feel he has a legend to follow?

"Yeah," he responded. "Sort of, yeah. It's hard to walk in the footsteps of big Ronnie." He paused, his voice dropping to a near whisper, "but I'm my own self. I got my own band."□

BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS...

JOE JACKSON

"When you're successful a lot of people listen to what you say but don't believe you anymore."

by Ed Naha

Joe Jackson wraps his six-foot-plus frame around a small chair in A&M Records' New York headquarters. In town for a concert date, the British singer/composer is taking care of a few last minute details on his latest album, **Beat Crazy.** "I want this record to be special," he says, adding with a smile, "to be amazing."

If anything can be termed "amazing," it's Joe Jackson's meteoric rise to stardom. Just two years ago, Jackson; bassist Graham Maby; drummer Dave Houghton and guitarist Gary Sanford, were cutting demos in Portsmouth, England. Today, he is one of the leading purveyors of British pop with two top tenning LPs under his belt, **Look Sharp** and **I'm The Man,** and several hit singles, including the global smash *Is She Really Going Out With Him.* At this point, you wouldn't think that Joe Jackson would be worried about his reputation as a rock and roller. Yet he is.

"I don't want to be taken for granted," he explains, his wide eyes growing serious. "And I don't want to slacken off with my music, either. This is my third album, following two successful records. At this stage, most artists try to maintain their success instead of trying to move forward. Moving forward is much more difficult, but that's what we're trying to do with this record.

"I don't know what this album will do to my fans in the States. It's either going to be a dismal failure or a huge success. I can live with either. I'll be disappointed if the album just flounders."

In Jackson's opinion, **Beat Crazy** is a daring, yet logical, next step in his musical career. "I feel funny talking about it," he admits, "but I have to say that it's different from anything we've ever done before. I think it's the best work we've ever done. Some people are going to say 'Oh my. I really liked his first album but now he's turning out total crap.' Other people are going to say 'Great. What a leap forward.' It's the most mature thing I've done to date. A lot more exciting, more inspiring than the other albums. The songs are about important topics, topics that affect everyone. Before, I felt that I was writing too much about myself. I made a conscious effort not to do that this time out.

"There are 12 songs on this album and they're all about different subjects. It's a complex album. Not in terms of its instrumentation, because that's pretty simple, but lyrically. The songs were inspired by the total confusion and the misery I see around me."

Jackson pauses in mid-speech. "Hmmm. That might make it sound pessimistic. It isn't. It's realistic. You could summarize this album by saying that Joe's stopped messing around. I've started to write about what I feel and talk about what I really believe in. In the past, I've never been *anti* anything in an obvious way. But I've always been anti-ignorance, anti-bigotry, anti-stereotypes and anti-a lot of other things. I feel that, now that I'm successful, it's important that I say what I believe.

"I've been labeled a sheer pop act. I've been criticized for writing too many songs about me being rejected by women. Well, I'm very much affected by things going on around me. Unemployment in Britain is up to 30%. I'm fortunate to be earning a living by doing what I want to do, so I can't turn my back on people and say 'I'm OK, the hell with you.' Some people think that I'm a rich rock star who doesn't really know what's going on. Well, I'm not rich and I do know. I've never compromised in order to achieve success. I'm still not compromising. I never will. If this album is a total failure, I'll still carry on doing things just the way I want. It's important that people know that. When you're successful

The band, from left: Graham Maby, Gary Sanford, Joe Jackson, Dave Houghton.

Arthur D'Amario III/RETNA

Joe Jackson: "I felt like going up on stage and hitting the guy."

a lot of people listen to what you say but don't believe you anymore."

In an effort to stave off the negative aspects of success, Jackson has gone topical on **Beat Crazy,** although, admittedly, his concept of 'topical' is a bit removed from the normal definition of the word. "I don't know whether you can consider this record controversial," he begins, "but it's certainly different. There's one song called *Fit*, which isn't about jogging or anything. It's about how if you don't fit, then you're really fit for nothing. It's a play on words. There's another song called *Evil Eye* that concerns a guy who works in a butcher shop in Southeast London. He's going crazy so he turns to voodoo."

As high as he ranks on the pop charts and as accepted as his songs are by millions, Jackson is genuinely concerned about his ability, or lack of it, to communicate lyrically with his audience. "I worry about being misinterpreted," he reveals. "No matter how clearly you try to express yourself, it's surprising how many people take your lyrics the wrong way. I think a lot of people miss the humor in my lyrics. People tend to take them too seriously. In some ways I want to be taken seriously because I want people to know that I'm saying something and writing about things that are important. But there's a lot of irony in my lyrics that people seem to miss. Maybe it's too subtle for them but I don't see that it should be.

"I don't write other lyrics. I like to write words that make sense. On this album, I've put across interesting ideas without using obscure words. I'm not preaching and I'm not writing in a language that makes no sense. I don't think you have to be obscure to be original. You can be original and still get across your ideas. That's what I'm trying to do."

What's this? Seriousness from one of the main exponents of nouveau pop? Jackson nods affirmatively. Despite his connection with the apolitical pop scene, the songwriter is trying desperately to inject lyrical clout to the realm of toe-tapping rhythms. "A lot of people use rock in an escapist sort of way," he states. "You know, 'Let's not think about the problems of the world. Let's go see this rock band tonight.' To me, that's just not enough. We played a gig in Holland and the Knack opened for us. The lead singer got up there and said 'Well, we're just having a bit of fun up here. And that's what rock and roll is, just a little bit of fun.' The audience booed him. I felt like going up on stage and hitting the guy.

"I'm 26-years-old now, and I have lots of problems. Why should I try to make music to try to convince people that the world is nothing but a lot of fun. It's too late for that now. Rock has gone past the 'let's have fun and party' stage. The world just isn't like that anymore. I'm not saying that music should be gloomy and doomy, but it seems to mean more if it has some sort of contact with reality. I mean if the guy onstage is singing about a real situation that I can identify with, I find that it's a whole lot more inspiring than him shouting 'let's party.' I find that really boring. Any twit can do that. I'm trying to make music that's exciting but real, too."

A publicist passes by the door and Joe is told of a meeting upstairs concerning his album. **Beat Crazy** is clearly an important event for Jackson. The happy, smiling singer who once boasted pointed-toed white shoes and sang classical laments of broken teen-aged hearts and heads is coming of age. If he has his way, he'll take the traditional concept of pop music and batter it into meaningful shape. He wants to take his music to the next rung and, ideally, take his audience with him as well.

"I don't want people to judge me by what fad is in this particular week," he says, before darting out the door. "I want to be judged by what I do. I feel secure about this record because I know it's the best we've ever done. If my listeners get any kind of good out of it all I'll be happy. But the worst thing they can say about it is that we haven't tried."

He shakes his head ruefully. "We try harder than any other band I know of. If people can't hear that, well..."

The publicist calls a second time. Jackson adjusts his shoulders into their perpetual slouch and ambles out of the office.

He leaves the door open for a reply.□

MALICE IN WONDERLAND

Rock's Family Feud Continues As Former Partners Battle Toe To Toe.

by Andy Secher

"UFO almost killed me," a black-leather clad Michael Schenker claimed, a bemused smile crossing his handsome face. Although the German-born instrumental whiz had come to New York to discuss his exciting new band The Michael Schenker Group, he couldn't resist drifting back to his days as UFO's lead guitarist, a period he considers "the worst time" in his life.

© Ebet Roberts

Michael Schenker: "I was taking too many drugs and my drinking was becoming a big problem."

"When I was in UFO everybody was drinking very heavily," he said, casually running his fingers through his short platinum blond hair. "The pressures of recording and virtually living on the road were really getting to me. I was taking too many drugs, and my drinking was becoming a big problem. Quite honestly, I was really a mess. It got to the point where I had to get away from the band's environment every once in a while just so I could keep a little bit of my sanity. Eventually though, I knew I'd have to leave permanently in order to 'dry out' and get myself together.

"I had really given up on music completely," he continued. "I had smashed my guitar (a Gibson Flying V) into a million pieces. At that time I was far more concerned with surviving than with playing rock and roll. Luckily, I was able to check into a center that specializes in helping people get over their addiction problems. They put me through hell for a couple of months, but when I came out I was feeling great. When I was in UFO I never thought that I could go on stage if I wasn't drunk or high. But with my new band I've stayed completely clean, and I'm having the time of my life."

Not everyone shares Schenker's negative view of life with UFO. During a recent conversation, that group's vocalist Phil Mogg stated, "To say the least, Michael was a rather unpredictable chap when he was with us. Even when he first came over from Germany he was a little strange, but we attributed that to the fact that he didn't speak any English then, and that his tastes and influences were totally different than ours. Over the years though, he just kept getting stranger and stranger. He's undeniably a brilliant musician, but, quite honestly, when he finally took off and we were able to get Paul Chapman in the band on a permanent basis, we turned a very important corner with our music. I think that's very apparent on our latest album, **The Wild, The Willing and The Innocent.** Right now, I don't think we've ever sounded better."

The escalating feud between Schenker and his former bandmates in UFO recently took a new twist shortly before UFO began recording **The Wild...** Keyboard player and rhythm guitarist Paul Raymond defected to join Schenker's fledgling group. The circumstances behind his sudden shift are veiled in enough controversy and intrigue to make even the CIA proud.

"We gave Paul his marching orders," Mogg explained bluntly. "He just wasn't evolving along with the rest of the band, so we viewed letting him go as a necessity for our continued growth."

"Paul just got fed up with UFO —I can relate to that," was Schenker's side of the story. "I'm very happy to have him with us. We still play a number of UFO songs on stage, things like *Doctor, Doctor* and *Natural Thing*, and it's very reassuring to have someone there who's played those songs with you hundreds of times before. Evidently, UFO has lost a lot of its drive. From what I hear they've tried to clean up their lives a little, but they're supposedly still not playing very well."

In all honesty, Schenker's view of UFO's current status may be a bit prejudiced, for **The Wild, The Willing and The Innocent** may be some of UFO's best rock in years. With ex-Wild Horses member Neil Carter replacing Raymond, songs like *Lonely Hearts* and their current single *Couldn't Get It Right* prove UFO is still rock's premier exponent of what might best be termed cerebral heavy-metal.

© Jeffrey Mayer/RAINBOW

UFO's vocalist Phil Mogg on Michael Schenker: "I just think his total lack of ingenuity is rather sad."

"The latest album is different, and very exciting," Mogg said. "We're more adventurous with our songwriting and playing than ever before. We're growing and becoming better all the time. If Michael wants to still play *Doctor, Doctor* on stage, let him. Obviously he's having a lot of trouble coming up with anything new. I actually have no personal animosity for him, I just think his total lack of ingenuity is rather sad."

Stay tuned.□

HALL & OATES

TELEPATHIC VOICES

A Trip into the Communication of Sounds.

by Patty Romanowski

For nearly ten years, Daryl Hall and John Oates have worked together creating excellent music elusive of simple one-genre categorization. Though best known for their silky, sophisticated blends of rock and roll and r&b *(She's Gone, Rich Girl)*, the duo consistently maintained and struggled to prove — to varying degrees of commercial and critical acceptance — that their music far exceeded the limits of tasteful exercises in whitewashed soul.

But that struggle may be over. With their tenth LP, **Voices,** released hot on the heels of Hall's three-year-old solo work (a collaboration with Robert Fripp) **Sacred Songs,** Daryl and John have reached what may well be the pinnacle of their careers. Not only have the two LPs generated respectable measures of both critical and commercial success (especially **Voices,** which boasts a bunch of potential hit singles), but for the first time ever, the work and the resultant success is entirely their own. As writers, performers, and — most importantly — producers, the pair believes it has at last realized and translated to vinyl what John terms, "the music that comes from our minds."

"It's actually," he continues, "like the first Hall and Oates album, for real. This is the first album that sounds right — at least sounds right to us. If people accept and like it, then it's just a reaffirmation that we're doing the right thing and that what we've always had in our minds is the right thing."

People have accepted it, in fact so completely that Daryl and John are spending this year's few precious vacation days not exactly vacationing. A few weeks before embarking on the Australia-Japan-England leg of their latest tour, Daryl and John have taken residence in their record company office chrome-and-leatherette chairs where they're sipping tiny bottles of Perrier and commenting on what it all means.

"I'm *real* tired," says an untypically unglamorous Daryl.

"I feel like I'm being battered by baseball bats," interjects John listlessly.

"But," adds Daryl in a matter-of-fact tone indicative of the duo's basic no-nonsense approach to their work, "It's amazing how fast you can recover if you have to."

Bored? Blase? Hardly. But after nearly a year of constant touring and a decade's worth of interviews, Daryl and John not only express a bit of disillusion with the press, but seem to protect themselves by having their interview spiels down pat. Nonetheless, their pride and enthusiasm over the current state of affairs shows through. Besides, in a business where record sales alone are used too often to measure an artist, Daryl Hall and John Oates are something of a rarity and they know it.

"We seem to work well together," says John. "We don't step on each other's toes. Also, when we first began, our premise was to be Daryl Hall as an individual and John Oates as an individual, to share the stage and do what we do and not be some kind of two-headed Homer and Jethro."

"The fact that we have a mutual frame of reference is the most important thing," explains Daryl alluding to their similar backgrounds and the twelve-year friendship that preceded and now coexists with their working relationship. "It's important for people who work together to have a common 'language' because that's the only way you can really communicate things as nebulous as sounds. Language doesn't work with music. So it's almost a telepathic kind of thing."

© Ebet Roberts

Daryl Hall and John Oates: "It's a little unhealthy, but that's the way it's developed."

It is this unique blend of cooperation, communication, and individual creativity that's allowed Daryl and John to explore countless musical styles beyond their trademark creamy doo-wop. Despite the fact that they've too often — and unfairly, they claim — been pigeonholed as practitioners of the Philly or blue-eyed soul sound, **Voices** does contain a cover of the classic you-know-what-kinda-soul hit, the Righteous Brothers' *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'*. A tribute?

"It's just a great song," John states, adding, "we never liked the Righteous Brothers anyway."

Songs aside, Daryl and John both view their production as the crucial factor in **Voices'** success, both acknowledging the significance of Daryl's **Sacred Songs.** Of his solo LP, Daryl says, "It helped me to discover the ease of self-production and self-containment. It was the first step toward getting out of that seventies overblown, rococo style of production. I think that was the first step in the new direction that I wanted to go in and, ultimately, John and I wanted to go in."

Obviously a step in the right direction because **Voices** is Hall and Oates' most direct and impressive work to date. Despite spanning a stylistic range that encompasses the aforementioned cover, the smash hit single *How Does It Feel To Be Back*, as well as the dark *Diddy Doo Wop (I Hear Voices)* and the joyous *You Make My Dreams* and *Kiss On My List*, the album never loses focus. It's a pop/rock/r&b, or perhaps one should say, a Hall and Oates masterpiece.

But even if things had not turned out so well, it certainly would not have been for want of trying. In a rare lapse in an otherwise flawlessly presented battery of answers, Daryl attempted to answer whether or not music could be considered the duo's one love in life.

"Love is kind of a weak word to use for what music is to us. Love, God ... music is our — " he pauses while the words begin to crystallize. "I don't know if this is..."

Yes?

"This is everything," he continues more steadily after a moment, "and I don't know if that's good or bad, but it *is*. It's our way of communicating to the world. At this point in time, it's our reason to be alive and it's our way of being alive.

"In some ways," he concludes positively, staring across a glass table through sleepy-hungry eyes, "I think it's a little unhealthy. But that's the way it's developed."□

KANSAS

WALKING THE TOP 40 TIGHTROPE

Big Hits, Green Grass and Life on the Road.

by Andy Secher

"Sometimes rock and roll can really get to be a drag." Kansas' blond guitarist Kerry Livgren said as he casually tuned one of the guitars that littered his dressing room floor. It was only minutes before the band was to perform in front of 20 thousand fans in New York's Madison Square Garden, yet Livgren's cool demeanor gave the impression that he was just another worker preparing for a day at the office. "You gotta love the music to go on the road and play night after night," he said. "I know everyone's going to say, 'yeah, it's a real tough life, driving around in limos and staying in the best hotels.' But they forget that we have to make sacrifices too. We have to stay away from our homes and our families for months at a time. It gets to the point sometimes where you have to remove everything else from your mind and just think about the music."

Just then Steve Walsh, the band's effervescent lead vocalist bounded into the room, dressed in his stage "costume" — a pair of white tennis shorts and knee socks. "Really dressing up for the big town, huh?" Livgren joked as he suspiciously eyed Walsh's outfit. "Well, one of us has to get out there and really work," Walsh replied.

Then in his impassive manner, Livgren carefully wiped off his guitar with a rag and handed it to an ever-present roadie. As he stood up and checked his hair in one of the room's huge mirrors, he spoke again about the rigors of road life. "Don't let anyone tell you that it isn't something of a grind when you play on tour. But I guess we still really get a charge out of it. We've always tried to bring some fresh ideas into rock and roll and really broaden and medium.

Bob Leafe

Vocalist/violinist Robby Steinhardt adds a touch of art to Kansas' rock.

Quite honestly, I think we've done a hell of a job."

In light of Kansas' growing list of platinum albums, including their most recent release **Audio-Visions**, it would be virtually impossible to dispute Livgren's assessment of his group's accomplishments. Despite the fact that they are often accused of pseudo-intellectualism by those who read too much into their intricate melodies and "cosmic" lyrics, over the last few years, this six-man band has risen from America's heartland to become a rarity — an artistically diverse hard-rock band. Livgren and Walsh, along with guitarist Rich Williams, drummer Phil Ehart, bassist Dave Hope and violinist/vocalist Robby Steinhardt, have effectively counterbalanced their often pretentious musical and lyrical tendencies with a finely honed sense for top 40 commerciality, and continually rank among the most popular acts on the American music scene.

"We're very sincere with our music," Livgren explained during one of the band's soundchecks. "A lot of people have said that we tend to turn simple tunes into overblown productions, and in some ways I guess that claim is valid. But we feel that we're actually bringing another far more emotional side to rock and roll. We depend on guitars and drums as much as anyone, but there's just more to rock than three-chord guitar solos. We try to create music that comes across on a grander scale, something that you can really sink your teeth into, but we never go out of our way to be complex. Right now I'd say our approach is sixty percent artistic and forty percent commercial, because, let's face it, selling albums and having people listen to what you're doing is still what it's all about."

Obviously, from the reaction Kansas received during their current national tour, their legions of fans continue to share the band's unique musical vision. Even though much of Kansas's artistic grandeur is dissipated in the mammoth arenas they play, they have become one of rock's most entertaining concert attractions with their shows brimming with pure rock and roll energy. "There's a link between our albums and our stage shows," Steve Walsh explained as he relaxed following one of the band's two-hour-long performances. "But there are also a lot of differences. We want our fans to really sit back and listen to our lyrics on the albums, but when we play a show, we know we

have to be more exciting and more visual. Either the people are gonna know the words to *People of the South Wind* or they're not. They sure aren't gonna learn them when they're sitting up in the mezzanine."

With **Audio-Visions** perched high on the charts, and their national tour virtually sold out from coast to coast, Kansas' special mixture of art and commerciality has once again struck a responsive nerve within the pop music audience. The band is well aware that a number of questions have arisen regarding their continued success, detractors claim that the band's music seems to be becoming increasingly complex at a time when simplicity rules the rock industry. But Kansas remains true to their musical convictions, unwilling to sacrifice even one synthesizer flourish for a bigger slice of rock's commercial pie. On their latest album, the band again displays their talent for blending razor-edged rock and roll with lush, richly textured pop opuses. Numbers such as *Curtain of Iron* and *No One Together* exemplify the group's musical diversity, combining vivid lyrical imagery with fundamental rock intensity.

"Our music has a lot of 'daydreamy' qualities to it," Livgren said. "A song like *Curtain of Iron* has more to it than the superficial energy that passes for a lot of popular music these days. The lyrics I write for songs often express a view or feeling that is totally alien to standard rock and roll. That's what a lot of critics don't like about us. They still want songs that are either simple love songs or things that are politically relevant, like they were in the '60s. That's not our style. We like to present things that have more than a one-dimensional quality to them. Ideally, our songs should be part past, part present and part future. That's what Kansas is all about."

Throughout their eight-album career, one which includes the million-sellers **Leftoverture, Two for the Show** and last year's **Monolith**, Kansas' music has always been strongly influenced by many of the '70s "progressive" bands. From the Yes-like keyboard runs that punctuate *Point of Know Return*, to the Genesis-style instrumentation that characterizes *Song For America*, Kansas has revealed a broad spectrum of "artsy" influences while creating a sound that is, somehow, uniquely their own. "Sometimes we get kinda pissed at the people who say, 'Oh yeah, that Kansas song sounds a lot like Yes, and that one reminds me of ELP.' " Walsh explained with more than a touch of annoyance. "We're very proud of the music that this band has created, and we honestly think that we sound like just one band and that's Kansas. Just because we use keyboards and a violin we've been neatly labeled and categorized as an art-rock band. I guess in some ways that's inevitable, but it's really a shame that so many rock critics are so narrow-minded. Our main intention is still to please our fans, and we just can't concern ourselves with those who question our ability."

What's amazing in light of their massive international success is that Kansas is still a virtually "faceless" group. While many rock fans would have little difficulty in reciting a list of the band's hits, most of them would be hard pressed to name all six of the group's members. In a business where Mick Jagger's pout or Robert Plant's golden curls are as well known as their music, Kansas has been satisfied to sail along on a stream of platinum-coated anonymity. "Believe it or not, I'm rather happy with that," Livgren said. "We've always strived to make the band more important than its individual members. Actually, we have the best of both worlds that way: we have plenty of fans who appreciate us, yet we're able to lead fairly normal lives when we're away from the band."

While Livgren insists that Kansas' group identity is more important than the fame of its members as individuals, both he and Walsh released solo albums within the last year, neither of which came close to matching the band's success in terms of either commercial recognition or musical strength. Despite the apparent incongruity of this situation, Walsh feels that the solo projects have benefited the band as a whole, making Kansas' future brighter than ever. "The solo albums have had no negative effect on the band," he said. "We only worked on them when the band's agenda allowed for it. Both Kerry and I explored areas that would not exactly fit into the Kansas format. My material was more rock-oriented than the average Kansas piece, while Kerry's work went in a more melodic direction. On the whole, though, the projects proved very helpful because they allowed us to get a lot of ideas out of our systems and then put all of our energies back into Kansas. **Audio-Visions** is the product of that. It's the next step up the ladder for us. We're still just trying to make Kansas bigger and better than ever."□

Phil Ehart and Steve Walsh on the Robert Klein Radio Show: "Well, one of us has to get out there and really work."

© Ebet Roberts

"The solo albums have had no negative effect on the band."

BLACK SABBATH'S FAMILY FEUD

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS WITH TONY IOMMI, RONNIE JAMES DIO AND OZZY OSBOURNE

The heaviest of the heavy metal bands is still wrestling with demons, darkness and despair.

by Andy Secher

The first thing one notices about Black Sabbath's legendary guitarist Tony Iommi is his right hand.

"I lost my fingertips in an accident when I was a child," he stated casually holding up his mangled right hand from which each finger had been neatly severed above the first joint. "Obviously, something like that can be disastrous if you want to be a musician. I never gave up though, and I worked twice as hard to overcome that handicap. I guess you could say the same thing about Sabbath. We've been dumped on by critics and elitists for years, but because of that, we've worked twice as hard as anyone else. We've met all the challenges and conquered them.

"You know," he said in his surprisingly soft voice, "one of the most rewarding things to me is knowing that our persistence has paid off."

Yes, Sabbath's persistence has indeed paid off. Since their formation in London in 1968, the self-proclaimed "princes of darkness" have maintained their position as rock's premier heavy-metal attraction. Over the years, they have continued to explore the most macabre recesses of rock's underbelly. Iommi's dirgelike guitar riffs, the relentless rhythms of drummer Bill Ward and bassist Terry "Geezer" Butler, and the sinister lyrical imagery of Ozzy Osbourne, later replaced by Ronnie James Dio, create a strange musical netherworld thriving on a forboding mixture of bleakness and despair. With albums like **Paranoid, Sabbath, Bloody Sabbath,** and their most recent, **Heaven and Hell**, and songs entitled *Electric Funeral, Children of the Grave* and *Die Young*, Sabbath has permanently cemented their position as rock's ultimate "downer" band — the heaviest of all heavy metal groups.

"We're not really *that* sinister," Iommi said with a sly grin as he toyed with the huge silver cross dangling from his neck. "I think that some people actually expect us to go around performing exorcisms and sucking blood from people's necks. I mean that's absurd. We haven't done anything like that for weeks!

"Actually, I think that our image has always camouflaged the fact that we're a pretty good rock and roll band. People have never looked at us the same way that they might look at Zeppelin or the Stones. It seems that our image is sometimes bigger than our music. I think some of our fans see Black Sabbath as more a state of mind than a

David Wainright/RETNA LTD.

Black Sabbath's lead vocalist Ronnie James Dio: "Either we'll take 'em to heaven, or we'll take 'em straight to hell."

Simon Fowler/RETNA LTD.

Tony Iommi: "I lost my fingertips in an accident when I was a child."

rock group. We've come through a difficult time over the last few years, and I'm just happy to say that right now we're stronger than ever."

As Iommi indicated, the last few years have not been easy for Black Sabbath. In fact, it has seemed as if they were living through one of their own musical nightmares. Following the disappointing reaction to 1978's **Never Say Die,** lead vocalist Ozzy Osbourne, generally considered Sabbath's most identifiable and dynamic personality, decided that he had had enough and left the group, citing what he termed "the band's totally ridiculous attitude".

Osbourne's departure forced the three remaining members to deal with the fact that they were in a creative rut. After months of trying unsuccessfully to find an alternative means of harnessing their awesome musical power, they were on the verge of breaking up. Just when things seemed the bleakest, however, Iommi received a call from ex-Rainbow vocalist Ronnie James Dio, who, after a year of temporary work on a variety of solo projects, was anxious to join a band again.

"I just called Tony up one day to see how he was doing," Dio explained. "We started talking about doing a project together, because from the way he sounded, it seemed that Sabbath was finished. We got together to go over some material that I had been working on, and after a few days he said, 'Why don't we call up Bill and Terry and give this a try?' Well, we all got together,

"I think that some people actually expect us to go around performing exorcisms and sucking blood from people's necks. We haven't done anything like that for weeks."

©Richard E. Aaron/THUNDER THUMPS

According to Ozzy Osbourne his Blizzard of Ozz will pick up where Black Sabbath has left off: "Sabbath is finished forever."

and it was magic: it was Black Sabbath. We knew that we could make the band better than ever because we all believed in what we were doing. After what those guys had been through, we soon got a feeling of unity and purpose that was incredible."

After rehearsing their new material for three weeks, the band journeyed into Miami's Criteria Recording Studio with ace producer Martin Birch (known for his work with Deep Purple, Blue Oyster Cult and Rainbow) and proceeded to record **Heaven and Hell.** Upon hearing the finished versions of *Wishing Well, Neon Knights* and *Lady Evil,* they knew they had something excitingly different — it was unmistakably Black Sabbath.

"I wrote all of the songs on the album with Tony," Dio said. "And with Martin at the controls we were able

to capture a sound that was both heavy metal and melodic. I think that a lot of people were worried that the band would lose its unique identity without Ozzy, but we've been able to maintain the feeling of mysticism and the spiritual values that have always been the band's trademark. I've been a Sabbath fan all my life, and as a fan I can say that **Heaven and Hell** may well be the best album the group's ever done."

One person who disagrees rather vehemently with Dio's assessment of Sabbath's accomplishment is the one and only Ozzy Osbourne. While Osbourne grudgingly admitted that **Heaven and Hell** "isn't too bad," he feels that a Sabbath without Ozzy is no Black Sabbath at all.

"As far as I'm concerned," he said, "the day I walked out the door, Black Sabbath was dead. **Heaven and Hell** just isn't a Black Sabbath record. They've lost all their drive. When I was with them at the end, they were putting me through hell. I had to take all sorts of nasty things just to survive the experience. By the time the last album **Never Say Die** came out, they were actually talking about playing some jazz. Can you imagine me playing bloody jazz in Black Sabbath? That's when I knew it was over. As far as I'm concerned Sabbath is finished forever."

Ozzy's dissatisfaction with Sabbath isn't just sour grapes. His new band, The Blizzard of Ozz, has already become one of Europe's most successful. With ex-Uriah Heep member Lee Kerslake on drums, ex-Rainbow Bob Daisley on bass and newcomer Randy Rhoades on guitar, Ozzy has put together a volatile group that mixes years of rock and roll experience with youthful exuberance.

"The Blizzard's gonna take over the world!" Ozzy said with his patented sneer. "We're gonna come over to America and show everybody how to rock and roll. Just let everybody know that I'm just as evil and just as crazy as ever, and now that I've gotten out of the Sabbath rut, I feel like a reborn man. I'm off dope completely, and rocking harder than ever. Right now, the Blizzard and I are just getting high on rock and roll."

"Let everybody know that I'm just as evil and just as crazy as ever."

Obviously, Ozzy's legacy as Sabbath's leader can never really die since after ten years his mark had become indelibly stamped on the band's sound. At first, Dio was naturally apprehensive about the way he would be accepted as Ozzy's replacement. As he noted, "To a lot of people, Ozzy's a legend, and that just makes my job a little tougher." But to everybody's surprise, Dio's transition to Sabbath's new lead vocalist has been as smooth as silk.

"Tony had warned me not to be too disappointed if the crowds didn't react positively right from the start," he recalls, "but I honestly never worried. I've gotten some pretty impressive credentials myself over the years with both Elf and Rainbow, so it wasn't like I had never performed in front of an audience before. I felt that I was giving Sabbath the best voice that it ever had, and that our fans, who're the best fans in the world, would accept that. Thankfully, I haven't been wrong in that regard. We're playing some of the old material and some of the new things on this tour, and the crowds have reacted incredibly well to everything we've played."

In fact, Sabbath's tour went so well that the band has recorded many of the gigs with the thought of putting out their first legitimate live album sometime later this year. "We'd love to have a good representative live album out," Iommi explained. "I imagine we're one of the only bands that's been around for as long as we have, who hasn't released a live album. Some bands who've been around for a year have already released one. We've never done it before only because we never were able to capture the energy level we wanted. Either Ozzy was singing out of tune, or my guitar sound was muddy, or something else was wrong. We've been listening to the tapes from this tour though, and I must say, they're incredible!

"I'd like to caution our fans about one thing," Iommi continued. "There is, in fact, a 'live' Sabbath album out already, but that's a rip-off that we had nothing to do with. It seems that our old manager wanted to make some extra money off our name, so, without our permission, he took some tapes he had from an old gig we did at the Rainbow Theatre in London back in 1973, and released that as our 'live' album. When you hear what our real live album is going to sound like, you'll realize what garbage that other one is."

So maybe Sabbath has weathered the artistic storm that threatened to end their career just a few months ago. Today, with Dio adding his leather-lunged vocals to the band's always vibrant sound, Sabbath seems ready for another twelve years as rock's true "masters of reality."

"We really are stronger than ever," Dio exclaimed. "Heavy metal's making a big comeback all over the world, and who better to lead the way than Black Sabbath? We want every rock and roll fan to get behind us, 'cause if they do, we can promise them a trip they'll never forget. Either we'll take 'em to heaven, or we'll take 'em straight to hell."□

Mark Weiss

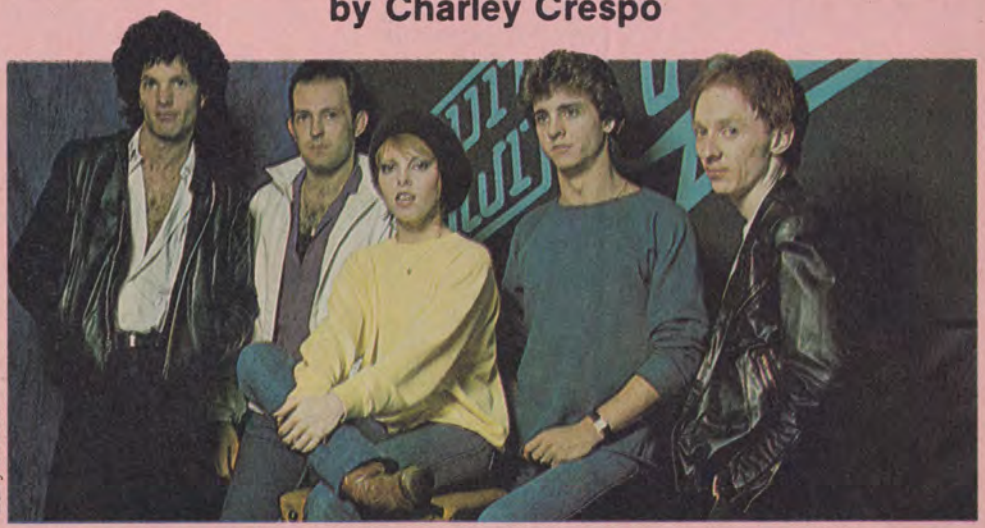
Black Sabbath, from left: Bill Ward, Terry "Geezer" Butler, Tony Iommi and Ronnie James Dio.

PAT BENATAR

PLATINUM IS A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Ex-New Yorker Hits Us With Her Best Shot.

by Charley Crespo



Barry Schultz

Pat and her band, from left: Scott St. Clair Sheets, Roger Capps, Neil Geraldo and Myron Grumbacher.

Rivalry between Los Angeles and New York seeps into every facet of the entertainment world. While it is never felt as strongly as when the New York Yankees face the Los Angeles Dodgers in a World Series, any number of songs, scripts and jokes originating at either coast revel in this chauvanism. Snidely or proudly, the conflict is kept alive.

A curious idiosyncrasy of each camp, however, is pride in the accomplishments of its populace, regardless of coastal preferences. New Yorkers are proud of Barbra Streisand, Kiss, Billy Joel and Robert DeNiro. New Yorkers are also proud of Pat Benatar's rapid rise to pop stardom. Yet, as a proud New Yorker, I for one feel a bit cheated that the Long Island singer has deserted the Big Apple for El Lay.

I'm delighted that Pat Benatar worked her way to the rock and roll top via a series of cabaret performances at her manager's uptown club, Catch A Rising Star. I'm thrilled that she met her current love, guitarist Neil Geraldo, here in New York. I'm glad both Benatar LPs are displayed prominently in hometown record store windows with stickers that read "Sale $4.99 — limit two per customer."

I'm not so happy that Benatar and Geraldo now have a hot tub in their suburban L.A. ranch house. It doesn't cheer me one bit to have to visit them at a midtown hotel rather than, let's say, a chic Greenwich Village apartment. It disturbs me to hear her complain repeatedly about the cold when it's only 50-odd degrees. I am broken up to report that we've lost Pat Benatar to the fun and sun of El Lay.

"Something about living here that always..." the five-foot, 90-lb. singer begins before losing herself momentarily in thought. Betar and I are sitting in the bar/coffeehouse of the Mayflower Hotel across the street from Central Park. Her American tour has just ended. In preparation for a quick concert tour of Europe that begins two days later, she shopped all day "everywhere," she said, looking for cold weather apparel like the gloves she'd forgotten to bring from the coast. Suspicious of European hair stylists, she had her hair lightened to a pale brown and cropped of all traces of curls at a New York salon. There were only a few minutes of rest afforded her that evening.

"I got used to it as the day went on, but the first hour I was really nervous," she said of her day shopping in New York. "I could feel it, being nervous, just walking around, having everyone push me. I was *so* nervous for the first hour."

Benatar grew up Pat Andrezejewski, the child of a laborer in a sheet metal plant and a former singer in the New York City Opera's chorus who quit the chorus when she was pregnant with Pat. As a child, Pat attended special voice classes and performed in local choirs and school plays, although it wasn't an all-dominating activity. About ten years ago, at seventeen, she began rigorous operatic training, but dropped out, miserable and frustrated by the strenuous demands. She soon married Dennis Benatar, he entered the army, and they moved to Virginia, where she worked as a bank teller and later as a singing waitress at the Roaring 20s club in Hopewell, Virginia. (The Benatars have since divorced.)

There came a point, however, where the singer in an occasional wild fake leopard-skin outfit decided she didn't want to sing Top 40 and show tunes with unsightly dinner stains on her clothing. She quit and briefly tried the local bar band scene, but she still wasn't pleased. The Benatars left for New York.

Having heard that Rick Newman had a top industry fortress with his Catch A Rising Star, Pat came in one audition night and took a number. Audition nights anywhere in New York are chock-full of no-talents who have been misguided by well-meaning friends and marginally talented artists who rarely get their act sufficiently in gear to advance. Pat Benatar's audition, however, raised ears all the way to the end of the bar. So intense was her rendition of Judy Garland's *Rockabye Your Baby* that the unknown singer got an encore, a rarity on audition night.

"Pat started to get a little attention right from the start," remembers comic Richard Belzer, who, like Benatar, honed his craft at Catch. "It was clear that she was different and very special. She was just singing Broadway tunes at first, but she had a compelling presence that distinguished her from the rest."

Benatar performed regularly, and Newman booker her repeatedly, later becoming her manager. The hot water test was a regional Catch package tour, featuring Belzer, Benatar and Bob Shaw, another local comic.

© Jeffrey Mayer/Rainbow

"There was one black college in North Carolina we played where the only speaker they had was this really shitty little system," says Belzer. "It was the school's p.a. system. Pat went on with her piano player. She was terribly upset [about the p.a.] before she went on, but she was a trouper even then. That was our first taste of the road, where she sounded like she was singing in a tin can."

Belzer, who, whenever possible, watches over Benatar "like a kid sister — she knows she can use any of my material anytime," says she "officially came out of the music closet" about two years ago when she played rock and roll for the first time in another New York showcase club, Tramps. Ballsy, gut-level rock and roll blared out of that club that night, when a tiny, attractive woman with a big, powerful voice was singing cock rock, the kind of material usually reserved for bare-chested mucho macho males. She caught the ears of the record industry's talent scouts that night, most of whom passed on her. Chrysalis Records, however, took the gamble. The rest is rock and roll history. Benatar and her band (Geraldo on lead guitar, Scott St. Clair Sheets on guitar, Roger Capps on bass, and Myron Grumbacher on drums) worked their way out of the rock club circuit and is headlining theaters around the globe. *Heartbreaker*, her breakthrough single, and other selections from her two albums (**In the Heat of the Night** and **Crimes of Passion**) are being covered by copy bands everywhere.

Yet, here in the hotel, no one seems to recognize Benatar. Nevertheless, I remind my drinking companion that she's achieved a considerable amount of success. Is this what she wanted?

"Yes and no," she says, playing with the knick-knacks on the table. "It always has its bad points when you get it. I like a lot of it, but I don't like a lot that goes with it. It's really a lot more time consuming than I ever imagined, and I really don't like touring, but otherwise, yeah, it's great. Losing your anonymity is a strange thing, too. It takes getting used to, being able to walk around and doing what you want and then not being able to do that any more is something that takes getting used to. I'm not saying it won't happen here or back home, but it seems like in all the other cities, the littler places, everyone knows who you are and we just can't eat dinner or anything without people coming over.

"We went to the Springsteen concert in Cleveland. That was a fiasco. I've waited so long to see him and meet him, but when the lights came up, all these people came over. We had to leave and go backstage. I had to watch the rest of it from backstage.

"I guess you get used to it after a while. You learn the things you can and can't do, and you find other things to do," she laughs.

Benatar laughs before and after almost every sentence — not belly laughs, but a perhaps nervous heh-heh-heh, just a step away from downright giggles, even when nothing even remotely humorous is said. Her outlook is bright and cheery, but the little hand motions around the table, her laughs and even her small body radiate a frail vulnerability. Living in New York has made her strong in certain respects, but the more gentle, sensitive side slips out under safe, intimate conditions. Sometimes the snickers she subconsciously uses to comfort herself reveal more than her answers.

"I'm cleaning the table again," she quips to her boyfriend when he joins us and orders another tea. She catches herself wiping the glass table with the tiny napkin the waitress has served the cup of tea on. "Why am I always cleaning?"

Twenty-four year-old Geraldo doesn't want to be interviewed. He's particularly cordial in sidestepping questions: he knows the media's story is Pat, not the Pat Benatar Band or even Pat and Neil.

"She was always sexy," Belzer remembers. "It wasn't leaned on the way it is now. She was more of an innocent then."

Benatar admits her stage and photo session outfits in the past were provocative, though back then she probably didn't know just how erotic they were. I remember sitting near the Bottom Line's stage just after the release of her debut LP, **In the Heat of the Night.** Benatar wore almost nothing, but what she did wear clung to every inch of her body, and she squatted a lot throughout the performance. For about an hour, I was very aware that I was always closer to her behind than to her face. I came out of the Greenwich Village club with little idea of what she looked like, except for every curve of her leg and... I wasn't alone.

The sex angle was exploited. Sex sells everything in America — even publications writing about up-and-coming female pop stars.

"I think it's crap and I wish they would stop," she says, marking the first time she spoke with undeniable conviction. "They will stop." The sternness fades with the familiar giggle. But she means what she says.

"They've got to look for an angle. Everyone's got an angle [pauses and laughs]. So that's my angle they're trying to get. It'll stop soon. It's almost finishing now, I think. It's just something I hate dealing with and I think as soon as they know that you really dislike it," she says, changing the forceful first-person approach to a less dynamic second person, "they're not so interested anymore. It's just silly."

I remind her it makes great headlines.

"Always marketing," she laughs. "Marketing."

Benatar tells all her interviews she had hoped to let her image fall somewhere between sexy vamp, tough guy and androgyny.

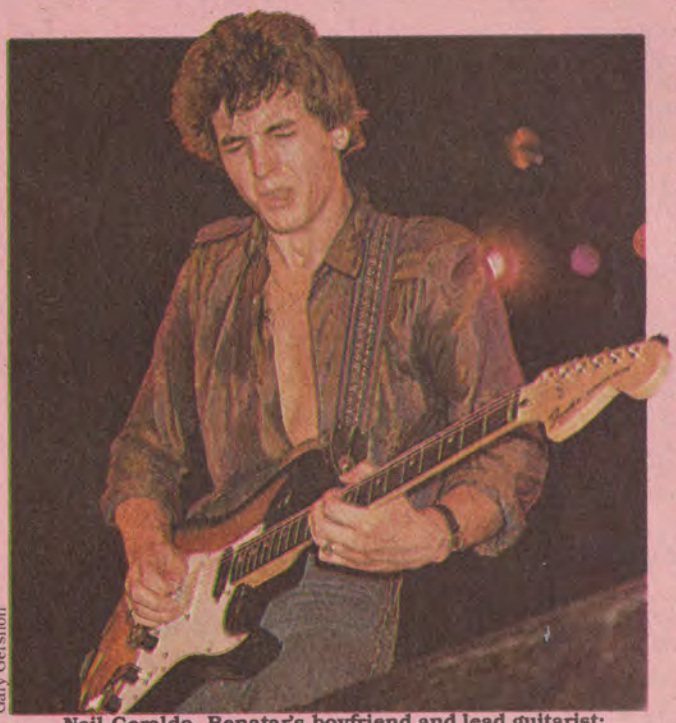
"Somewhere in the middle," she observes, "and that's always a difficult place to go. Something that's more realistic of what people are, not so much this superwoman that doesn't exist."

One would imagine Geraldo would have something to say about all this, but if he does, he keeps it bottled up. I ask Geraldo how he likes living in California. The former member of Rick Derringer's New York-based band replied with a typically California answer: "As long as it's warm, it's fine."

"He's from Cleveland," his girlfriend adds with a laugh. "He likes it warm now. Cold weather *too* long."

As far as I'm concerned, cold weather or not, I wish Pat Benatar would come back home, where she belongs.□

Fame: "It's really a lot more time consuming than I ever imagined, and I really don't like touring."



Gary Gershoff

Neil Geraldo, Benatar's boyfriend and lead guitarist: "As long as it's warm, it's fine."

VAN HALEN

THEY LIVE BY NIGHT

"You get up on stage and it's 110 degrees within the first two songs."

by Regan McMahon

There is no such thing as rock stars. What happens is you go out and play your style, set up your jungle and populate it. When enough people get into your thing, then you're rock stars."

For Van Halen, the jungle David Lee Roth speaks of is made up of the most stereotypical elements of the biggest hard rock acts: expensive worldwide tours, teen-oriented songs, groupies galore, a stage show supported by the world's most costly sound and light systems, and, of course, platinum record sales that pay for it all. But as far as Van Halen is concerned, the records are secondary to the sometimes nightly assault they launch on the civilized world from stadiums and concert halls. They tour at least ten months a year, and *not* at their record label's behest. For Van Halen, the road's where the magic is.

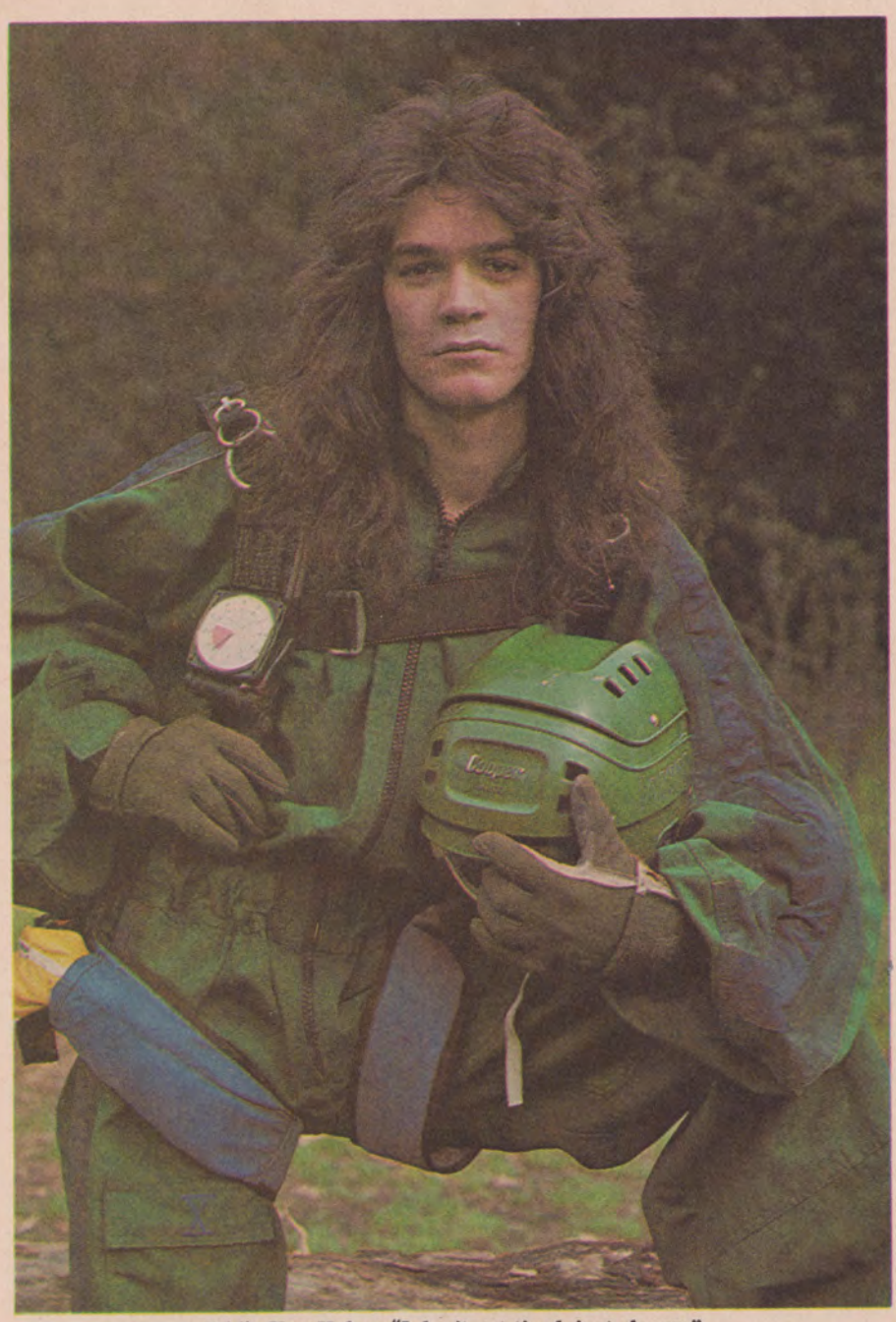
"You get up onstage and it's 110 degrees within the first two songs," explains Roth. "And, man, when you get ten or twenty thousand people screaming 'yeaaaahhh!' right in your direction, that's a lot more heat. You feel like an *animal*! At that point you don't think about anything — you're concerned about survival in the jungle. You forget everything — the practice in the basement and the preparation backstage — and you get *looose*, with three *o* s. When a large mass of people does that together it's often very frightening. It's *some* energy. You can say it's sexy, dangerous, happy, sad; but whatever it is, it's sure got a lot of pressure, a lot of torque."

The communal partying Roth describes is precisely what happens at a Van Halen concert. The song lyrics, the overwhelming aggressive sound, the speed of Edward Van Halen's guitar playing, Roth's shrieks and between-song raps are all tailored to give the crowd the feeling that Van Halen is just like them. "I think everybody has a little bit of Van Halen in 'em and we're going around and bringing it out. It's an attitude, a feeling a deliverance. It's an impact," Roth says of the concert, "but you feel invincible. You feel like King Kong when you come out of a Van Halen show."

Be that as it may, Van Halen is in this for more than the satisfaction of converting kids to their heavy-metal religion. They're in it for their own fun as much as they are for the hardly negligible money, fame and glory. And where do they have their fun? In hotel rooms, backstage, in limousines, on buses — in short: on the road.

I had a chance to see the party that is Van Halen when I went on tour with them for three days in the Midwest. I saw them again in London, at the end of the European

The Gang That Wore Shades: Alex Van Halen, Michael Anthony, David Lee Roth and Eddie Van Halen.



Eddie Van Halen: "I don't get tired, just sleepy."

leg of that tour. These backstage journeys led me to the heart of one of America's most popular hard rock bands.

"Hey, Al, did you squeeze that chick last night?" Roth asks drummer Alex Van Halen as our limousine careens through the streets of Cleveland, en route to radio station WMMS to pay an on-air visit before tonight's concert. "You better see a doctor before you get back to L.A.," Roth advises, bursting into the raucous laughter that punctuates much of his conversations.

Awaiting our arrival are a flock of eager female fans, ready with paper and pen for the obligatory autograph signing. The band willingly complies with the ritual, joking comfortably with the faithful. All are friendly; but — as usual — Roth is particularly suggestive.

Fan: I sent you a letter and never got anything back.

Roth: Did you send any pictures?

Fan: Yeah.

Roth: Were you naked?

Fan: No.

Roth: Well, that's why you didn't get anything back! [Guffaws]

The entourage — band members, a couple of photographers, management and record company personnel — sweeps through the hallway from the reception area/autographing location to the studio, Roth leading the hordes like Moses. Teasing each other and mocking their surroundings, the night's performance seems to have already started. Van Halen takes over the station and DJ Kid Leo's program as forcefully as they would take over the Richfield Coliseum later that night. Soon split-second sexual innuendoes are flying fast and furious over the airwaves. Kid Leo's looking panic-stricken, and Van Halen is entertaining

Split-second sexual innuendoes are flying fast and furious over the airwaves.

themselves and Cleveland's listeners at the station's expense. Between whoops and howls, in-jokes and mutterings among band members, Roth instructs their invisible audience: "Now, with your right hand, slowly reach the volume knob and turn it all the way to the right. Now take your radio and rub it against the front of your body..." Before he can go any further, the desperate DJ suggests they play an album cut. The insanity is relieved for three minutes.

But the order is only temporary. When it's time for a commercial for a local foot race, Roth grabs the ad copy and freely (loosely) improvises: "There will be two courses to choose from — intercourse and outer course. Winners will receive a free half-hour of sex with your favorite member of Van Halen. And the weather is: high tonight; low tomorrow."

After another song from **Women and Children First,** Roth announces to the listeners: "Cleveland, we have a surprise for you. You know, we're just like our audience: we're into what our fans

PHOTOS BY NEIL ZLOZOWER

David Lee Roth: "Now take your radio and rub it against the front of your body."

are into. So tonight we're doing nothing but Cheap Trick songs."

Eventually the "interview" comes to a (merciful?) close. Van Halen returns control to the station, then leaves to subject the competition — W105, across town — to the same merciless attack. Just to be safe, Roth handcuffs the W105 DJ as he enters the booth. There's *no chance* of her putting up any resistance to his antics.

"Do you have the key?" she asks sincerely.

"No, you'll have to come back to the hotel with us, darlin'," says Roth.

"You're not serious," she says, hopefully.

"Of course I am," he replies, indignantly. "Lying comes later in the relationship!" Proud of himself, he laughs heartily and lets loose one of his trademark banshee yells.

Again, the band needs no encouragement or straight man. They simply carry on their vaudeville act into the radio mike at will. "I'm into vitamins," boasts Roth. "This week I'm into B-complex..."

"...Barbara, Betty, Bonnie, Bambi..." chime in Alex, Edward Van Halen and bassist Michael Anthony. Just as they back Roth onstage with their proficient playing, in these chaotic broadcast side shows they become Groucho's siblings in any Marx Brothers movie.

As soon as the limos pull up to the hotel after destroying a second radio station (Ed. note: what about that DJ?), it's time to leave for the stadium. The band always goes to the venue they're playing several hours before showtime for an almost ritualistic combination of preparations — each one particular to the individual band member. Edward Van Halen, the quiet, reserved, nearly reclusive guitar genius, immediately vanishes into his own room where he naps and eventually tunes his guitars. ("Do you get tired of the road?" I ask him in this private setting. "I don't get tired — just sleepy. That's what this is for," he says, pointing to the bed.)

Like his brother, Alex Van Halen uses the preshow period for relaxation, but he requires less privacy. Tilting his tweed racing cap over his face, he plunks down on a dressing room couch and has all the darkness he needs for a nice snooze, despite the 90-decibel-plus din blaring from the backstage tape deck speakers. Predictably, the band and crew get fired up by cassettes of Bad Company, Joe Perry and Cheap Trick, but surprisingly, a Pretenders tape is also heard. ("I listen to all kinds of music," says Roth. "But you know why all the critics like Elvis Costello? Because they all *look* like Elvis Costello!")

Michael Anthony seems not to need any special preparation at all. He shares conversation, food and drink with members of the entourage and the few preconcert groupies who are permitted backstage (there are many more after the show). He even poses for Polaroid snapshots with two giggling girls in low-cut, skin-tight dresses slit thigh-high. The only anxiety he expressed was when he complained of a "Jack attack." His symptoms subsided once the beverage roadie appeared with the hard liquor assortment and Michael poured himself a cup of Jack Daniels.

By far the most active person during these offstage hours is David Lee Roth, who does a strenuous nightly physical warm-up in preparation for the incessant leaps, bounds and gyrations of his performance. Dressed only in judo pants, Roth is silently absorbed in the reflection of his own body as he lithely combines yoga, kung fu, karate, aerobics, gymnastics and ballet to stretch his muscles to the max. In his Nureyev-like workout, the poetry of his motion is effectively juxtaposed against the crashing and pounding of the heavy-metal tapes accompanying him. His final exercise involves dangling upside down in ankle braces from a metal bar, pulling himself up to touch his toes with less effort than it takes most people to do a simple sit-up. This man is in *shape*.

After his workout, Roth has his feet, calves and ankles taped like a football player. "I went down to the Rams trainer and told him I make a living jumping up and down, but I hurt every morning," explains Roth. "He told me, 'This won't keep you from hurting, but you'll last longer.' " Over his tape-bound limbs, he slips on the several pairs of heavy dancer's warm-up socks he wears throughout the performance to keep his muscles loose. "Aren't they hot?" "That's the point, darlin'," replies Roth in his typically condescending tone.

Once onstage, the band dishes out exactly what the audience pays for: relentless hard rock music presented amid a barrage of lights by four guys who — according to what Roth would like the crowd to believe — are partying with the same abandon as the audience. This, by the way, is not exactly true. Between songs Roth alludes to the "fact" that both he and Edward are stoned on pot, and as a preface to one song, Roth takes a swig from an almost empty tequila bottle,

"I think everybody has a little bit of Van Halen in 'em and we're just going around and bringing it out."

giving the impression that he'd downed the rest before and during the show. Sorry, folks, but Roth is guilty of fudging on both counts. In fact, a roadie dumped the Cuervo Gold into large cups right before the set and so achieved the bottle's low content level. These boys are professionals above all, and they work hard at their live act. I doubt seriously if Edward could play as brilliantly as he does were he stoned, as they would have us believe.

Perhaps I'm splitting hairs, since they are a partying band — but it's offstage, after the show, that the real fun begins. A surprising number of young women are permitted in the dressing room to drink and socialize for a half-hour or so, and then, depending on whim and desire, a select group are either brought back to the hotel with the group in limos, or told the location of the band's resting place. In both Cleveland and Pittsburgh, band, crew and groupies mingled amicably in the hotel bar until closing at 2 a.m. The guys' attitude toward connecting with the women is one of unhurried acceptance of the inevitable. Conversation, inebriation, hotel room visitors — it's all as certain as waking up in a different city every morning. It's not nearly as monotonous or exciting as it is predictable.

"I'm acting out all my rock and roll fantasies," explained Roth glibly in Cleveland. "I figure I've got a one-way ticket to Oz. I'm young and I don't want to live anywhere right now. None of us own houses or anything (when not on the road or vacationing, Roth and the Van Halen brothers stay with their parents at their homes in Pasadena, California). Everything I own is in my suitcase."

At the time, I thought it a bit incredible that after three years of such demanding touring schedules, Roth and the rest of the band could claim such enthusiasm for life on the road. But that was only the third or fourth date in the tour. When I saw them backstage at London's Rainbow Theater several months later on the last gig of the European tour, they were a different Van Halen. Believe it or not, they seemed almost too tired to party! For the audience, there was just as much energy, and with the help of the same shopworn lines I'd heard in the Midwest (with only the place names changed), they handily gave the *impression* that they were having the time of their lives. After the show, they tended to linger in the dressing room where it was quiet rather than mingle in the backstage bar area with the women and revelers. The talk was positive about the vacations which would begin the next day and negative when it turned to the experiences of the tour that was ending — a tour filled with gray and rainy weather, greasy food, heavy metal audiences almost exclusively made up of jean- and leather-jacketed teenage males (such is the case in Europe), and dingy 3,500-seat halls, small by Van Halen standards. They couldn't wait to get back to the California sun, burgers, pretty, tanned women, and 10,000-plus-size venues in America.

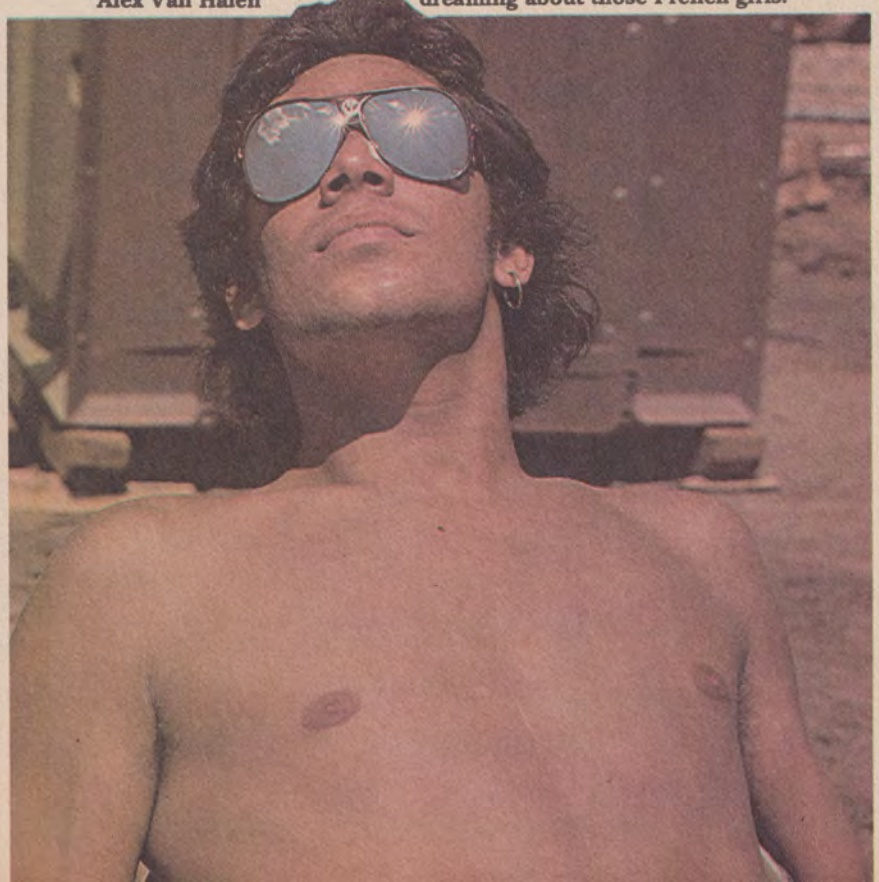
I accompanied the band back to their hotel, a quiet, formal establishment off Hyde Park. In the Mercedes limo, Alex was busy trying to communicate with a French girl he had snared, using choo-choo noises to clarify his small-talk question, "How did you come to London, by train?" But conversation was hopeless. They began kissing.

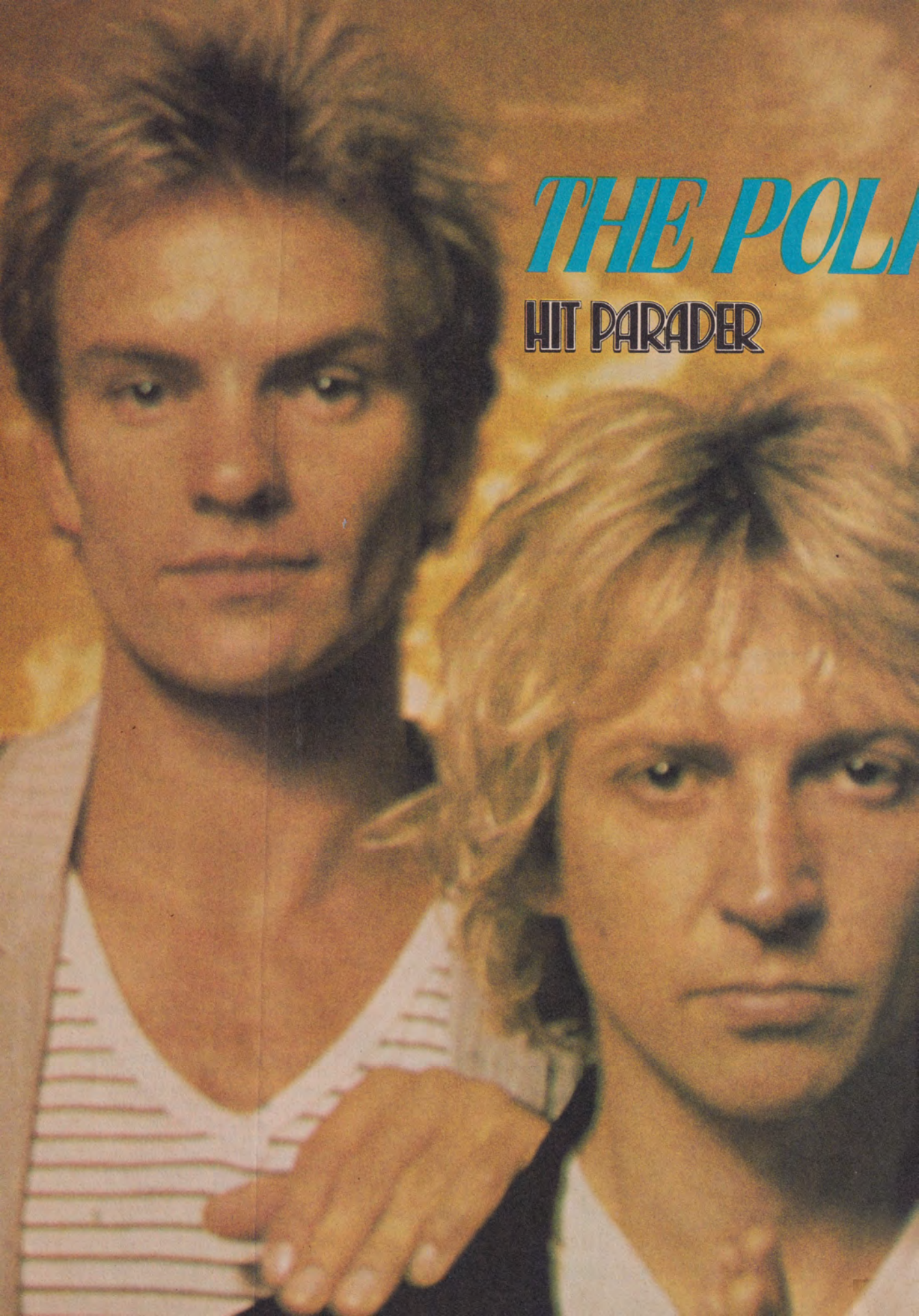
In contrast to the huddle of devoted fans I'd seen waiting for Van Halen everywhere they lighted in America, the early morning crowd at London's Hilton amounted to a Pakistani bellhop and a Jamaican desk clerk. The other band members wanted no more than a little room service and sleep; Alex wanted to continue his developing rapport with the mesdemoiselles; and I wanted to bid a final farewell to my countrymen and call a cab. The mood was one of tour burnout, and Van Halen appeared more human than they had when so vehemently professing that life on the road was *always* a party. As we approached the elevator, the Pakistani swiftly caught up to us. "Are the ladies registered in the hotel?" he demanded.

"No, you idiot," retorted one of the crew, screaming in his ear. "How do you expect a rock band to have any *fun* if they can't take girls to the room?"

The elevator door closed quietly, girls inside, leaving a stunned hotel employee alone at 3 a.m.□

Alex Van Halen dreaming about those French girls.

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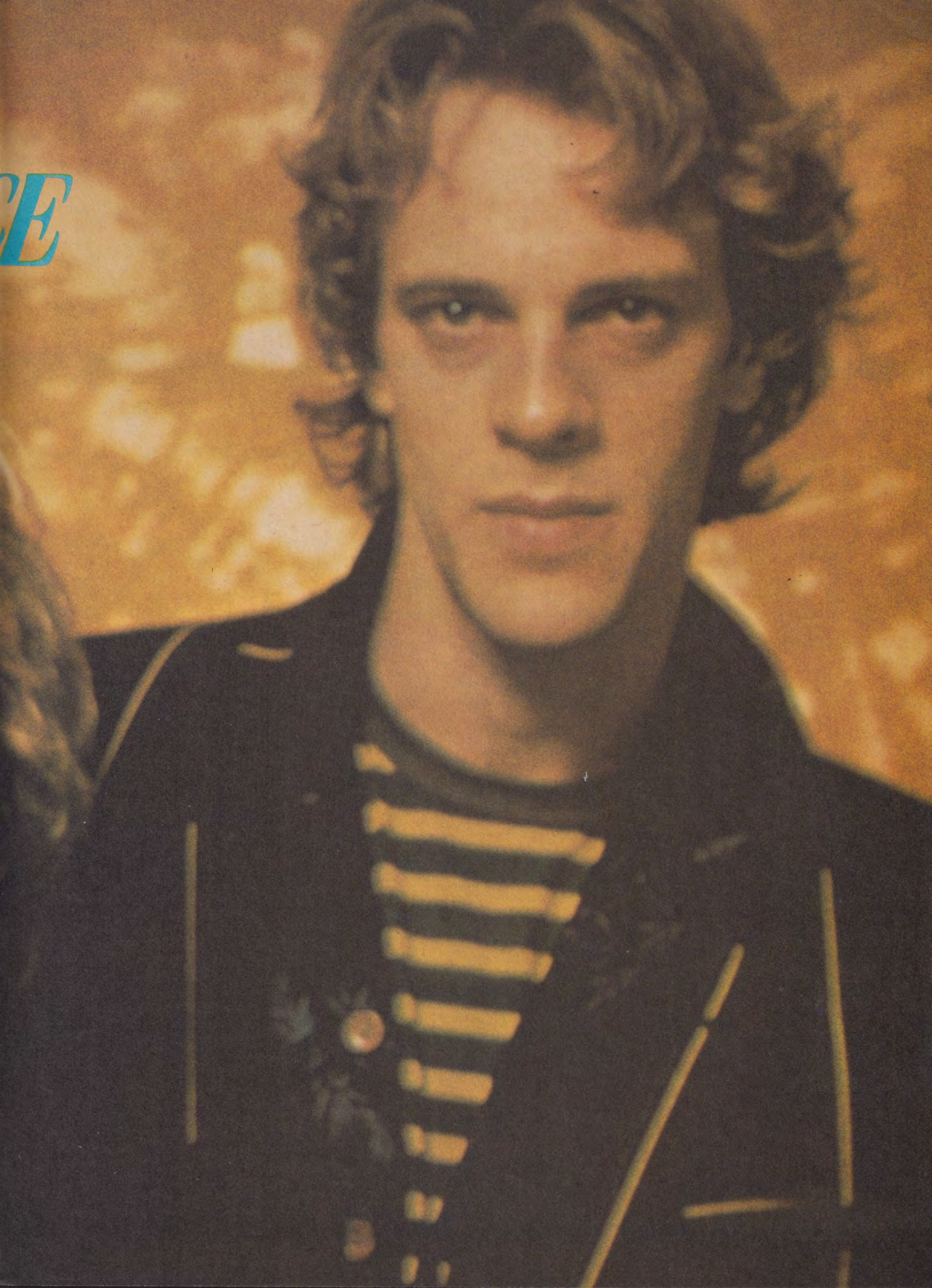


THE CARS

PANORAMA'S CRACKED WINDSHIELD

Bassist/lead hearthrob Ben Orr had all of his equipment destroyed in a fire.

© Ebet Roberts

Q: Can a band be unique, creative and popular at the same time?

A: Only if they are the Cars.

by Toby Goldstein

No one finds The Cars' local rehearsal studio unless The Cars want them to. On the eve of their third American tour, which is taking them coast to coast in over four months, the group had shut themselves off in a barn-like building surrounded by factories and fast food joints. A very few determined fans sat outside on the stoop, waiting, unaware that Ric Ocasek's expensive sports car was in the lot only yards away. In one wing of the squat structure, fellow Elektra Records stable-mates, the Nervous Eaters, practiced, then stopped temporarily to catch a quick word with Ric. The Boston music community takes care of its own.

Two large rooms in the complex were taken up by The Cars — one for the massive amount of technical paraphernalia involved in preparing for a national tour, the other housing the band's equipment. Set up exactly as it appears on the group's "industrial" custom-designed stage, Dave Robinson's drums and Greg Hawkes' space-ship-like keyboards flanked the band's three guitarists. Ric Ocasek, his lean tallness emphasized by a striped jacket and narrow black trousers, perched at the right of the set-up, trying to eradicate a headache.

Within a week, The Cars would be back on the road after a nine-month absence, playing many of the songs from their third album, **Panorama,** with a few older favorites tossed in. Preparing for a road show is not Ocasek's ideal way to pass the time. "In fact, we hate to practice. We've been practicing for this tour now for two weeks; we have one more, and we're out there. That's enough for me. If I have four days it's enough. I've practiced *enough*. We just feel the songs, and that's the way they go." The group's easy compatibility with one another makes those songs fall perfectly into place onstage, giving Ric's compositions an expanded identity.

But it is Ocasek who has the seemingly difficult job of coming up with yearly sets of the elusive, yet commercial sounds that have become The Cars' trademark. I say seemingly, because Ocasek is a prolific writer who handed the group over twenty compositions, of which eleven were recorded for **Panorama** and an extra B-side. It's a continuing source for wonder that The Cars manage to hug that fine line between hitmakers and the avant garde without ever becoming unsure of themselves, and with **Panorama** they decided to reverse any expectations their audience might have based on **The Cars** and **Candy-O.**

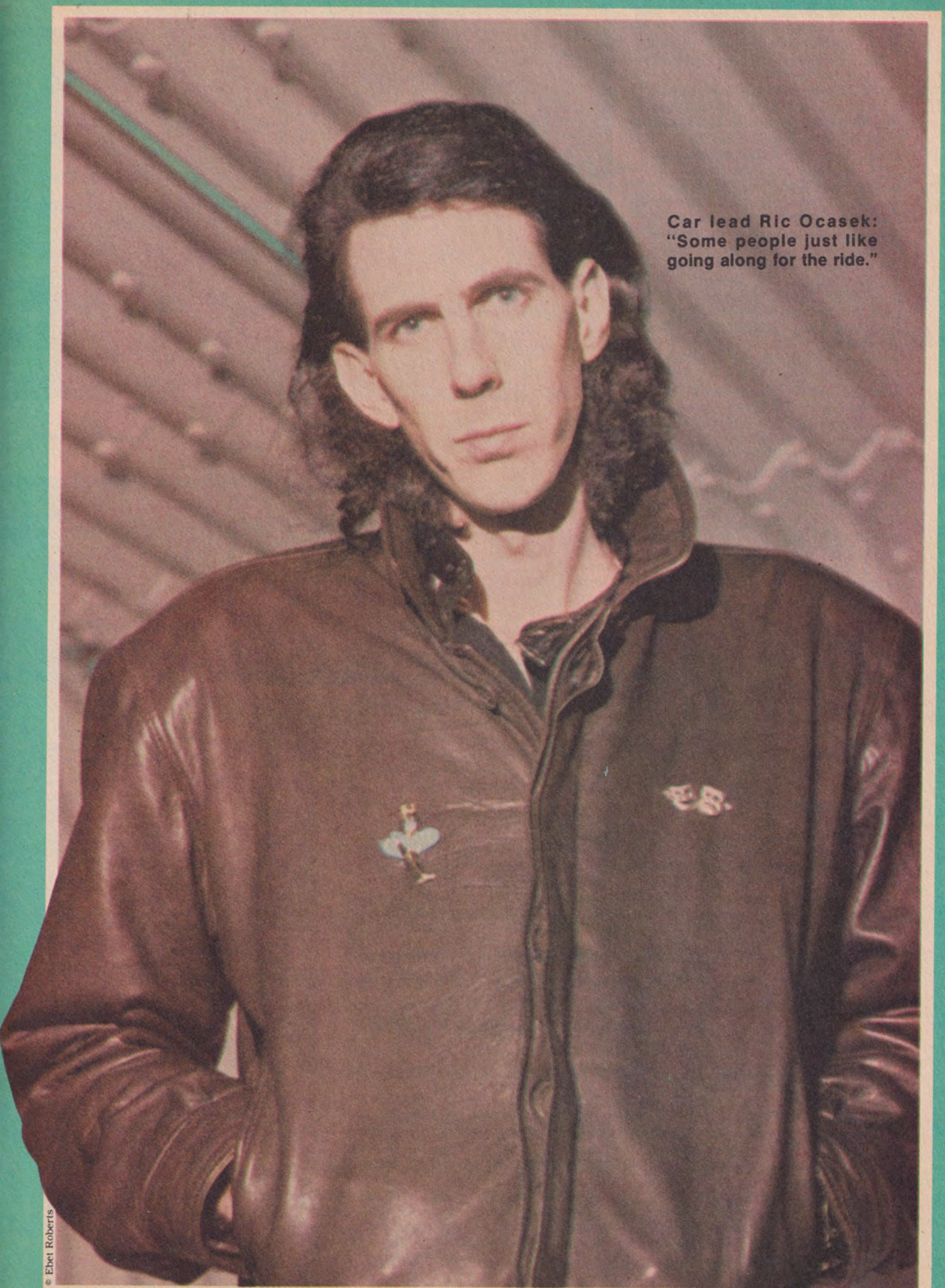
"I wanted to change things around," Ric declared, "because it's part of growing. Just 'cause I didn't want to stay in the same place — and I think the next album will be more so. There are some more personal kinds of things on this record. I just took the mask off for awhile, just felt like writing anything that came into my head. I like the lyrics on this record more than the other ones. They're not all cinematic and they're not all third-person songs, although there are a lot of those. But there are some real personal ones — I don't know where the events happened or why I conjured them up, but I'm glad I did..."

Reality is a state of mind Ocasek and his fellow Cars can no longer take for granted. Merely three years have passed since the group did their first gigs around Boston, only two since **The Cars** was released to a flood of praise and sales that number in the millions. At this stage, The Cars may be instantly recognizable, both musically and physically, but like Blondie, the only other punk-era band to sell platinum and be called superstars, the group fervently holds on to its underdog memories. Bowl-em-over egos are not for them.

Many events, both sublime and ridiculous, have occupied The Cars' time and thoughts since last year's **Candy-O** tour. Ric produced tracks by The Fast and Peter Dayton for the **Sharp Cuts** new wave compilation, and immediately before writing the third album, he produced an album for Marty Rev and Alan Vega, better known as Suicide, close friends he respects greatly as artists. "I love that record, regardless of what anybody else thinks of it," he declared, but his production of the album won Ocasek rare acclaim from the critical British press.

Bassist Ben Orr spent a few months putting together a new residence after all of his equipment and favorite possessions were destroyed in an apartment fire. Dave Robinson, who recruited artist Vargas for **Candy-O**'s controversial album cover, worked on designing the stark artwork on **Panorama,** and jovial guitarist Elliot Easton began creating a personalized lead guitar for the Dean company, whose equipment he endorses.

Unfortunately, the band also had to spend time in New York courtrooms, embroiled in disputes with their former manager, what Ocasek tersely



Car lead Ric Ocasek: "Some people just like going along for the ride."

© Ebet Roberts

referred to as "the leech factor". I had to deal with that, we all did. But we've gotten much closer because of it. We feel like we pulled ourselves together as a band.

"Becoming more successful takes your time, totally, and you just find that a lot of people want you to spend time on everything else besides music. And that's what we have to reject, and pay more attention to music. There's more pressure — it's sort of obvious." The group prefers to take personal satisfaction in the challenge of reinterpreting **Panorama** onstage. Although the record bears the unmistakable imprint of Roy Thomas Baker's compressed production, it's not nearly as instantly accessible a product as the group's first two albums, a fact that pleased Ric.

"I feel you have to play it at least twice, and listen. There's time changes and everything. All kinds of interesting things. We set out to do as different an album as we could for as far as we've gone. I like it a lot. I think it's real good for us.

"Not that **Panorama** is a perfect album, but you can't live up to everyone's expectations. I just always figured the critics like you when you're down, and then when you're up they gotta find something else to like. I guess it doesn't matter to me as much as it used to. I got a good taste of getting knocked on the second record and I learned. There are people who are trying to drag you down and take credit for things, take everything you're gonna give 'em for the next five years and leave you cold anyway, so what's the difference?"

Panorama, in keeping with Ocasek's desire to connect personally with his audience, has a "live-in-studio" feel to it, with little ad-libs, whispered lyrics and quirky musical phrases adding to its depth. The group's decision to open their show with the mood-piece *Shoo Be Doo* throws another curtain of mystery on to the human dramas acted out in Ocasek's compositions. The Cars have always played songs that catalogued people's fantasies about each other and their difficulties within relationships, but the autobiographical nature of songs like *Misfit Kid* replaces blurred images with direct frontal assault. Said Ric, with straightforward candor: "It's about wanting to belong to something and having the wrong ideas. This record's about a lot of misunderstandings between people. I haven't summed it up in my own mind — sometimes I have to wait about six months to really find out what a record is about.

"I'm just an average guy and people can relate to that. I'm not on a pedestal — I do the same things that everybody else does and always have. It seems to me that so many people are just lost, period. The most important thing to a lot of people is to belong to something that's hip or whatever. Some people just like going along for the ride, and those are the kind of people I don't get along with too well. I'd rather be driven." Ric agreed with observation that one can put a double meaning on the word, speaking as both a highway operator and, especially, an obsessive creator.

As the rest of the group trickled in to begin the rehearsal session that would last well into the night, Ric considered the roles of his fellow Cars. While Ocasek is without doubt the group's leader, since without his songs there would be no Cars, he refuses to wear a Svengali's cloak, with the other four members cast as automatic robots, following his instruction. "You know, this is not a calculating band. The band is capable of playing just about anything they want to. To me, calculating a song is like Barry Manilow. To be a hit, to be something or do something which has no substance. I feel at least that The Cars' material and playing has substance.

"We don't have to fight about image and all those things. In fact, we don't pay much attention to it. We're just

Drummer David Robinson is also an artist.

Greg Hawkes color coordinates with his instruments, basic black and white.

Steve Naam/SPORTSROCK, INC.

"A lot of times people want what they don't have so desperately, and when they do get it there's no reason to want it anymore and they look for something else."

A major guitar manufacturer is now producing Elliot Easton models.

gonna be black and white onstage this year. David does the album covers, but he doesn't tell anybody how to dress, everybody has his own mind."

Five people, starkly dressed in black and white, surrounded by banks of equipment and amplifiers, gave the studio an air of unreality. With their pale skins and two-tone costumery, The Cars resembled dream figures, their quiet joking a necessary contrast and relief. The band's extreme appearance made the fevered dialogues and misty interchanges of Ocasek's material all the more disturbing.

As they travel on tour, they are clutched at more and more by fans, who imagine them living on some ethereal plane. Ric Ocasek experienced a typical example of this road mania, the kind that's bound to get even weirder as The Cars grow in stature, last year when the band headlined Philadelphia's massive Spectrum. Ric had a rare free afternoon while the rest of the group was being chauffeured around to do radio station interviews, and took off for some window shopping. He raced past a crowd of fans camped in front of the plush hotel, escaped into a waiting taxicab and headed for South Street, a run-down section of the city with lots of original clothing and antique stores. After picking up a bunch of music magazines, most of which featured The Cars on the cover, Ric realized that getting back to the center of town was not going to be as easy as getting out.

Enter a pair of Cars fans, the guy, 18, and his girlfriend a year younger. They approached Ocasek, not believing that the Cars' most identifiable member would be cruising around by his lonesome, so ... touchable, and in need of a lift. They offered him a ride in a beat-up sedan, complete with broken down doors. Figuring that the odds were against his being kidnapped in broad daylight, Ocasek accepted. The young lovely in the front seat got very excited about their acquisition, and was obviously turned-on. She told Ric about her wish that he'd write a song called *Whipped Cream and Furs*, and proceeded to describe, in graphic detail, a three-person sexual adventure she'd enjoyed the other night. Her boyfriend smiled indulgently, hoping this sophisticated chit-chat was making an impression. Ric remained silent, clocking up the dialogue as something he might use in a future song.

According to Ocasek, such overt expressions from the lust-for-kicks segment of their audience were nothing new. He mentioned the masses of people who turned out for the "Car Wash" promotional stunts held along the **Candy-O** tour, and had commented to one reporter about how the rest of the band was sought out by nubile females for their backstage showers, while he seemed to wind up with overweight guys! This time out the band needs no incentives to entrap their fans, and had been forced to pull the wall around themselves tighter than ever.

One group product that's evolved to deal with the pressure has been a communal dry sense of humor, coupled with a practical joke or two. When **Candy-O** was neck and neck for #1 with the Knack's debut album, Greg Hawkes found a life-size display model of California's Un-fab Four and slipped it under the covers of Ocasek's bed, giving him a rude shock when he returned from a gig. When the band passes one another on a street, they'd whisper "get the Knack" like a secret password, thoroughly confusing anyone accompanying them.

Ric's specialty has long been answering questions with nonsense, the absurdities calculated to drive an interviewer up the wall. Serious question: "On what level do you reach people?" Answer: "About nine or ten." Well, you had to have been there...

Another time, when The Cars played Nassau Coliseum on Long Island, probably the nation's meanest venue in terms of security abuse, Ocasek dryly told a pal who had been slammed with the backstage door, "oh, yeah, I told 'em to keep you out," all the while warmly greeting his visitor.

Ironically, The Cars continue to find inspiration in the sight of hungry new performers. "Because that's where it's important," said Ocasek. "I think the only creative things come off the streets and in clubs and from new bands, and everything most record companies do is totally reactionary. It's like collecting art — you have to go deeper than just looking at art magazines. A lot of times people want what they don't have so desperately, and when they do get it, there's no reason to want it anymore and they look for something else."

As Ric repeated his determination to pull himself through the ongoing legal crisis and, despite the inevitable hassling, go out, sans bodyguards, to shops and clubs whenever he wishes, he drifted over to strike a few chords on his black Gibson guitar, lavishly detailed with red automotive paint designs. Greg Hawkes, a tiny figure engulfed by his synthesizers, had opened a chanting rhythm and, gradually, the other Cars joined in, creating other-worldly harmonics that had little to do with this year's charts or next years' models.□

THE KINKS

ONE FOR THE ROAD

A Lifetime of Rock and Roll with the Brothers Davies.

by Rob Patterson

© Sheri Lynn Behr

"Girls will be boys and boys will be girls."

In the future annals of rock and roll, the Kinks will surely be depicted as the equals of such long-lived British invasion greats as the Stones and the Who. And it's safe to assume that whenever that history is finally written, the band most likely to be still plugging away is the Kinks.

"We still really haven't reached our peak as a band," says Dave Davies, the Kinks' guitarist and younger brother of Kinks leader and main songwriter Ray Davies. Enjoying the wave of attention spawned by **One for the Road** (which is both a live album and a live video) and his long-awaited self-titled solo album, brother Dave seems happily reflective on the Kinks' career, a career well on its way to becoming a lifetime of rock and roll.

"It's somewhat strange to look back on it," Dave observed. "When it first started, we were just riding the crest of the wave, very excited about everything and not really knowing where it would go. If you'd told me then that I'd still be doing this now, I'd *never* have believed you."

"We almost got into a fight just the other day."

Even in their earliest days, the Kinks earned a legacy that promised to stand them in good stead. With *You Really Got Me*, *All Day and All of the Night*, *Tired of Waiting for You*, and *Till the End of the Day*, they defined the hard-edged sound that remains an important reference point for the new wave. Now, sixteen years later, those very songs are still fresh examples of what great rock and roll is all about.

"I feel there's a direct line between the Kinks and the new wave," says Dave. "The punk thing was very exciting, even though a lot of the bands weren't so hot. It was really encouraging, because rock and roll had gotten away from the whole idea of kids gettin' together in a front room to express themselves — to do it. Whether they could really play or not...

"What's the whole essence of it? I think a great band is ... well ... anyone can do it. That's the point of rock and roll. Anyone can play *You Really Got Me*."

When I suggest to Dave that millions of players probably cut their teeth on that Kinks Klassic, he laughs heartily.

One gets the sense that Dave is very *up*, and that's long been his role in the band. Raymond Douglass Davies may be the consummate showman, but he is as often melancholy as electric.

The spark behind Ray, Dave was always smiling, running, hopping onstage. From day one, his rattling guitar work was a distinct component of the Kinks sound. (No, Jimmy Page did *not* play the riff on *You Really Got Me*.) Any loyal Kinks fan knows that Dave's playing has steadily improved and grown. He was always good; now he's just more effective. In the last few years, that ability began growing in leaps and bounds. **One for the Road** is as much Dave's album as Ray's.

Interestingly enough, although the Kinks katalogue contains countless gems, **One for the Road** features a healthy share of material from **Low Budget**, an LP Dave considers one of their top three albums. The other two are **Village Green Preservation Society** — the first of many concept albums by the Kinks, and rock and roll in general — and *Muswell Hillbillies*. I mention my particular favorite **Lola** ("I forgot about that one," muses Dave.) — and soon we're off swapping titles of tracks we love.

The concentration on **Low Budget** stems from many factors. It was certainly the most unified Kinks album in recent

Dave Davies: "We stay on opposite sides of the stage, so it's not *too* dangerous."

years, "Just the four of us," says Dave, referring to himself, Ray, drummer Mick Avery and bassist Jim Rodford. "Ray did all the keyboard work [Ian Gibbons took over soon thereafter], and it felt a lot like the sessions for my album did. I think keeping it simple and small really helps."

"Over the years, the personnel in the band has always been coming and going, as I think it should. But since **Low Budget**, with the new members of the band [Jim and Ian] I think it's starting to really sound like a unit. That makes so much difference for everybody — where everyone's pulling his weight. We went through a period where the personnel wasn't really right for the Kinks, but I think that's behind us."

Dave is obviously referring to the Kinks Koncept days of the mid-seventies, when during the tours around albums like **Preservation, Soap Opera** and **Schoolboys in Disgrace,** the Kinks relied heavily on horns and female back-up singers.

And although I agree that the period was one of some excess, it was excess of the most delightful kind. My fondest memory of the Kinks dates back to when my college's concert committee presented the band in their very first American stage presentation of the **Preservation** tour.

As a mucky-muck on the committee and the school's video-AV whiz, I was on call a good part of the day to help out with needed equipment for the as-yet-untested (only rehearsed once before in full) show. A day spent rustling up cords, plugs and other gear to help launch the Kinks on the road gave me as much satisfaction as meeting Dave and Ray and witnessing the show. Without those tiny bits of equipment, the show would never have flown.

That day I also saw the offstage side of Ray, the shy, quiet side of the dandy. A few hours later he would be mesmerizing the crowd, switching from Mr. Black to Flash to The Tramp to The Working Class Man — all characters

Michael Rutland/RETNA/L.F.I. INT. LTD.

Ray and Dave, the Brothers Kink, used to fight with slingshots back in the good old days.

that are a part and parcel of Ray Davies. But as the stage was set he quietly wandered about the hall, offering shy smiles to those students (us) who summoned up the courage to chat with him.

Yet the loyalty Ray inspires is awesome, and we Kinks fans like to think we had a part in that. That same day, as a joke, I saved a dirty napkin I'd offered Ray when he spilled some pizza slop on his dapper tweed coat. I then placed it in a film can and later gave it to my friend Tania (then on her thirteenth Kinks show). I bet she still has the napkin and is still seeing the Kinks, although I haven't seen her in years.

"I think that it has something to do with our staying around," admits Dave when asked about the rabid devotion of Kinks fans. As for the strange **Preservation** show, he says "We did it very low budget ... that's what made it more interesting." Don't I know...

The longevity of the Kinks' Kareer becomes more of an accomplishment when one realizes the major stumbling block that it has always faced: the competition — at times to the point of fistfights — between Ray and Dave. At the band's core simmers a sibling rivalry always threatening to explode. Yet at the same time their dynamic, positive relationship provides much of the joy in a Kinks show.

"I'm not sure it's resolved yet," confesses Dave with a laugh. "We almost got into a fight just the other day." I imagine that the two have probably been at each other since they were knee-high to a guitar.

"When you've got two sensitive people and you're on the road, with the pressures of being on the road, some days you can get really loony or crazy," explains Dave. "There's always friction there — it's a brother situation.

"But we stay on opposite sides of the stage, so it's not *too* dangerous. And it works both ways, because we also work together incredibly well most of the time. That's what makes it worthwhile."

"I ask Dave to summarize the differences between himself and Ray. "I hope I'll never really know," he answers. "It would take all the fun out of it."

Dave says he enjoys the road as much as he ever has, because "the gigs are great." With their largest American audience ever, the Kinks have finally arrived.

Dave feels that his fine solo effort has "helped the Kinks as well. I think we all feel better, and the band's much more unified. Now if I want to do something in the studio, I have my own solo career. I must admit that onstage, I've always had the freedom. But for a few years in the studio it wasn't quite... I probably needed to stretch out on my own in that area." The current show includes two songs from Dave's solo work.

What more could we want? Available today is the best Kinks live album ever, a video of the show that may not capture *all* the Ray Davies' wonderful charisma, but is damn better than most rock videos, a Dave Davies album well worth the price to any Kinks fan, and an active, exciting, touring rocking and rolling Kinks.

Fans of the band always have said: God Save The Kinks. And y'know what? He did...□

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DON'T TELL ME NO

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

It's my party
You can come
It's my party
Have some fun
It's my dream
Have a laugh
It's my life
Have a half.

Well don't tell me no
Don't tell me no
Don't tell me no
Don't tell me no
Don't tell me no
Don't tell me no.

It's my transition
It's my play
It's my phone call to beta ray
It's my hopscotch
Light the torch
It's my down times
Feel the scorch.
(Repeat chorus)

It's my ambition
It's my joke
It's my teardrop
Emotional smoke
It's my merry
It's my plan
I want to go to futureland.
(Repeat chorus)

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GIVE ME THE NIGHT

(As recorded by George Benson)

ROD TEMPERTON

Whenever dark is falling
You know the spirit of the party
Starts to come alive
Until the day is dawning
You can throw out all the blues
And hit the city lights
'Cause there's music in the air
And lots of loving everywhere.

So give me the night
Give me the night.

You need the evening action
A place to dine a glass of wine
A little late romance
It's a chain reaction
We'll see the people of the world
Coming out to dance
You need it so come on out tonight
And we'll lead the others on a ride thru paradise
If you feel alright
And we can be lovers
Cause I see that starlight look in your eyes
Well don't you know we can fly.

And if we stay together
We'll feel the rhythm of the evening taking us up high
Never mind the weather
We'll be dancing in the street
Until the morning light.

So give me the night
Give me the night
Cause there's music in the air
Give me the night
Just give me the night.

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HUNGRY HEART

(As recorded by Bruce Springsteen)

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Got a wife and kids in Baltimore Jack
I went out for a ride and I never went back
Like a river that don't know where it's flowing
I took a wrong turn and I just kept going.

Everybody's got a hungry heart
Everybody's got a hungry heart
Lay down your money and you play your part
Everybody's got a hungry heart.

I met her in a Kingstown bar
We fell in love I knew we had to end
We took what we had and we ripped it apart
Now here I am down in Kingstown again.

Everybody's got a hungry heart
Everybody's got a hungry heart
Lay down your money and you play your part
Everybody's got a hungry heart.

Everybody needs a place to rest
Everybody wants to have a home
Don't make no difference what nobody says
Ain't nobody like to be alone.

Everybody's got a hungry heart
Everybody's got a hungry heart
Lay down your money and you play your part
Everybody's got a hungry heart.

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NEVER BE THE SAME

(As recorded by Christopher Cross)

CHRISTOPHER CROSS

It was good for me
It was good for you
Now nothing either of us can say or do
Can change the way you feel tonight
Sometimes love just slips out of sight
Just one thing before you go
Just one thing that you've got to know
No one will ever touch me that way
The way that you did that very first day.

And I'll never be the same without you here
I'll live alone and hide myself behind my tears
No I'll never be the same without your love
I'll live alone and try so hard to rise above.

The years go by
There's always someone new
To try and help me forget about you
Time and again it does me no good
Love never feels the way that it should
I loved you then
I guess I'll love you forever
And even though I know we could never stay together
I'll think of how it could have been
If we could just start all over again.

And I'll never be the same without you here
I'll live alone and hide myself behind my tears
No I'll never be the same without your love
I'll live alone and try so hard to rise above.
It was good for me
It was good for you
Now nothing either of us can say or do
Can change the way you feel today
Sometimes love just slips away
Just one thing before you go
Just one thing that you've got to know
No one will ever touch me that way
The way that you did that very first day.

And I'll never be the same without you here
I'll live alone and hide myself behind my tears
I'll never be the same without your love
I'll live alone and try so hard to rise above.

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CELEBRATION

(As recorded by Kool & The Gang)

RONALD BELL
GEORGE BROWN
JAMES TAYLOR
ROBERT BELL
DENNIS THOMAS
CHARLES JAY SMITH
EARL TOON, JR.
EUMIR DEODATO
ROBERT MICKENS

This is your celebration
Celebrate good times come on
Celebrate
Celebrate good times come on
Let's celebrate.

There's a party going on right here
A celebration to last throughout the years
So bring your good times and your laughter too
We gonna celebrate your party with you.

Come on now
Celebration
Let's all celebrate
And have a good time
Celebration
We gonna celebrate and have a good time.

It's time to come together
It's up to you
What's your pleasure
Everyone around the world come on.

It's a celebration
Celebrate good times come on
It's a celebration
Celebrate good times come on
Let's celebrate.

There's a party going on right here
A dedication to last throughout the years
So bring your good times and your laughter too
We gonna celebrate and party with you.

Come on now
Celebration
Let's all celebrate
And have a good time
Celebration
We gonna celebrate and have a good time.

It's time to come together
It's up to you
What's your pleasure
Everyone around the world come on
It's a celebration
It's a celebration
Celebrate good times come on
Let's celebrate
Come on now
Celebrate good times come on
Let's celebrate.

We're gonna have a good time tonight
Let's celebrate
It's all right
We're gonna have a good time tonight
Let's celebrate
It's all right baby.
We're gonna have a good time tonight
(Celebration)
Let's celebrate
It's all right
We're gonna have a good time tonight
(Celebration)
Let's celebrate
It's all right.

Celebrate good times come on
Let's celebrate
Celebrate good times come on
It's a celebration
Celebrate good times come on
(Let's celebrate)
Come on and celebrate tonight
And every day gonna be all right
Let's celebrate
Celebrate good times come on
(Let's celebrate)
Celebrate good times come on.

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HE'S SO SHY

(As recorded by The Pointer Sisters)

TOM SNOW
CYNTHIA WEIL

When I first saw him standing there
I longed to speak but did not dare
Something inside whispered to me
"You better move in carefully"
And then he smiled and turned away
That told me all he could not say
That's when I knew he wanted me too
But I'd have to do some breakin' through.

(He's so shy, he's so shy)
That sweet little boy who caught my eye
(He's so shy, he's so shy)
I knew I'd have to get to know him
Got to carefully approach him
(But he's much)
But he's much too good to let get by
Woh yes he is.

Now holding him gently through the night
Nothing has ever felt so right
And I'm so glad I took the time
That I had to take to make him mine
He still can do things to my heart
Just like he did right from the start
Each time I see that quality
That never stops attracting me.

Yeh he's so good looking
And he's really got me goin'
That sweet little boy who caught my eye
I can't get enough of him
'Cause he's one in a million
And I'll love him (and I'll love)
'Til the day I die
Oh yes I will.

(He's so shy)
Ooh he's so shy
Yeah he's so shy
(He's so shy, he's so shy)
Oo-ee, oo-ee baby
Oo-ee, oo-ee baby.

Oh oo-ee baby
Ya know it's drivin' me crazy
(That's why I love my baby)
(I know it's driving me crazy)
It took a long time to know him
And I'm so glad I got to show him
That I'll love him
'Til the day I die.

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I GOT YOU

(As recorded by Split Enz)

NEIL FINN

I got you
And that's all I want
I won't forget thanks a whole lot
I don't go out not now that you are in
Sometimes we shout
But that's no problem.

I don't know why
Sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes
You can tell that I'm not lyin'.

Look at you you're a pageant
You're everything that I have imagined
But something's wrong I feel uneasy
Reassure me tell me you're not teasing.

I don't know why
Sometimes I get frightened
You can see my eyes can ya
Tell me you are not lyin'.

There's no doubt not when I'm with you
When I'm without I stay in my room
Where do you go I get no answer
You are always out it gets on my nerves.
(Repeat chorus)

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KEEP ON LOVING YOU

(As recorded by REO Speedwagon)

KEVIN CRONIN

You should have seen by the look in my eyes baby
There was somethin' missin'
You should have known by the tone of my voice
Maybe but you didn't listen
You played dead but you never bled
Instead you laid still in the grass
All coiled up and hissin'
And though I know all about those men
Still I don't remember
'Cause it was us baby way before then
And we're still together
And I meant every word I said
When I said that I love you
I meant that I love you forever.

And I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

And I mean every word I said
When I said that I love you
I meant that I love you forever.

And I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

Baby I'm gonna keep on loving you
'Cause it's the only thing I wanna do
I don't wanna sleep
I just wanna keep on loving you.

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YOU BETTER RUN

(As recorded by Pat Benatar)

FELIX CAVALIERE
EDDIE BRIGATI

Whatcha tryin' to do to my heart
Whatcha tryin' to do to my heart
You go around tellin' lies
You fool around with the other guys
Whatcha tryin' to do to my heart?

You better run
You better hide
You better leave from my sight.

Whatcha tryin' to do to my soul
Whatcha tryin' to do to my soul
Ev'rything I had was yours
Now I'm closin' all the doors
Whatcha tryin' to do to my soul?

You better run
You better hide
You better leave from my sight.

Whatcha tryin' to do to my head
Whatcha tryin' to do to my head
Now I've gotta draw the line
You're not gonna take my mind
Whatcha tryin' to do to my head?

You better run
You better hide
You better leave from my sight.

I love you girl, I love you so
Can't you see it, don't you know
I can't stand your alibis
You tellin' lies, you drive me wild.

(Repeat chorus)

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JUST CAN'T WAIT

(As recorded by J. Geils Band)

PETER WOLF
SETH JUSTMAN

Your daddy's tellin' you I just ain't no good
And ev'rything I try to be is just misunderstood
But I don't care if your daddy say it's wrong
I just can't stand to be away from you too long.
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
Ooh girl holdin' you so tight
Ooh girl I can't wait till tonight.
The clock up on the wall it must be running slow
Tonight when you're next to me I'll never let you go
I wish the day would hurry up and set us free
Because tonight with you is where I want to be.
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
I just can't wait
Ooh girl holdin' you so tight
Ooh girl I can't wait till tonight.

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REAL LOVE

(As recorded by The Dooble Brothers)

MICHAEL McDONALD
PATRICK HENDERSON

Darling I know I'm just another head on your pillow
If only just tonight girl
Let me hear you lie just a little
Tell me I'm the only man
That you ever really loved
Honey take me back in my memory
Place when it was all very right
So very nice
(So very nice)
So very nice.

Here darlin' stands another bandit wantin' you
In and out your life
They come and they go baby
Your days and nights like a wheel that turns
Grindin' down a secret part of you
Deep inside your heart
That nobody knows baby
When you say comfort me
To anyone who approaches
Chalkin' up the hurt
You live and you learn
Well we've both lived long enough to know
That we'd trade it all right now
For just one minute of real love darlin'
Real love
Hey baby (real love)
I need to believe it
(Real love)
Real love baby
(Real love)
Real love darlin'
(Real love).

When you say comfort me
To anyone who approaches
Chalkin' up the hurt
We live and we learn
Well we've both lived long enough to know
That we'd trade it all right now
For just one minute of real love darlin'
Real love
Real love
Real love
Real love
(Real love)
Whoa (real love)
I need to believe it
(Real love)
Real love darlin'.

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WHIP IT

(As recorded by Devo)

MARK MOTHERSBAUGH
GERALD V. CASALE

Crack that whip
Give the past the slip
Step on a crack
Break your momma's back.

When a problem comes along
You must whip it
Before the cream sits out too long
You must whip it
When something's going wrong
You must whip it.

Now whip it into shape
Shape it up
Get straight
Go forward
Move ahead
Try to detect it
It's not too late
To whip it
Whip it good.

When a good time turns around
You must whip it
You will never live it down
Unless you whip it
No one gets their way
Until they whip it
I say whip it
Whip it good
I say whip it
Whip it good.

When a problem comes along
You must whip it
Before the cream sits out too long
You must whip it
When something's going wrong
You must whip it
Into shape
Shape it up
Get straight
Go forward
Move ahead
Try to detect it
It's not too late
To whip it
Whip it good.

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A LITTLE IS ENOUGH

(As recorded by Pete Townshend)

PETE TOWNSHEND

They say that love often passes in a second
And you can never catch it up
So I'm hanging on to you as though eternity beckoned
But it's clear that the match is rough.

Common sense 'd tell me not to try 'n continue
But I'm after a piece of that diamond in you
So keep an eye open
My spirit ain't broken
Your love's so incredible
Your body so edible
You give me an overdose of love
Just a little is enough.

I'm like a connoisseur of champagne cognac
The perfume nearly beats the taste
I eat an oyster and I feel the contact
But more than one would be a waste
Some people want an endless line that's true
But all I have to have's a little time with you
A smile sets me reeling
A kiss feels like stealing
Your love is like heroin
This addict is mellowing
I can't pretend that I'm tough
Just a little is enough.

Just like a sailor heading into the seas
There's a gale blowing in my face
The high winds scare me but I need the breeze
And I can't head for any other place
Life would seem so easy on the other tack
But even a hurricane won't turn me back
You might be an island
On the distant horizon
But the little I see
Looks like heaven to me
I don't care if the ocean gets rough
Just a little is enough.

Common sense 'd tell me not to try and continue
But I'm after a piece of that diamond in you
So keep an eye open
My spirit ain't broken
Your love's so incredible
Your body so edible
You give me an overdose of love
A little is enough.

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SOMETIMES A FANTASY

(As recorded by Billy Joel)

BILLY JOEL

Oh, didn't want to do it but I got too lonely
Mm, I had to call you up in the middle of the night
I know it's awful hard to try to make a love long distance
But I really needed stimulation though it was only my imagination.

It's just a fantasy, oh
It's not the real thing
Oh, it's just a fantasy
Oh, it's not the real thing
But sometimes a fantasy
Is all you need.

When am I gonna take control, get a hold of my emotions
Why does it only seem to hit me in the middle of the night
You told me there's a number I can always dial for assistance
I don't want to deal with outside action
Only you can give me satisfaction.

(Repeat chorus)

Sure it would be better if I had you here to hold me
Be better, baby, but believe me it's the next best thing
I'm sure there's many times you've wanted me to hear your secrets
Don't be afraid to say the words that'll move me
Anytime you want to tell them to me.

It's just a fantasy, oh
It's not the real thing
Oh, it's just a fantasy
Oh, it's not the real thing
But sometimes a fantasy
Is all you need
Oh — oh — oh —
Oh — oh — oh —
It's just a fantasy
It's not the real thing
It's just a fantasy
It's not the real thing
It's just a fantasy
It's not the real thing.

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FAME

(As recorded by Irene Cara)

DEAN PITCHFORD
MICHAEL GORE

Baby look at me
And tell me what you see
You ain't seen the best of me yet
Give me time I'll make you forget the rest
I got more in me
And you can set it free
I can catch the moon in my hand
Don't you know who I am
Remember my name.

I'm gonna live forever
I'm gonna learn how to fly
I feel it comin' together
People will see me and cry
I'm gonna make it to heaven
Light up the sky like a flame
I'm gonna live forever
Baby remember my name
(Remember, remember, remember, remember
Remember, remember, remember, remember).

Baby hold me tight
'Cause you can make it right
You can shoot me straight to the top
Give me love and take all I got to give
Baby I'll be tough
Too much is not enough
I can ride your heart till it breaks
Ooh I got what it takes.
(Repeat chorus)

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HIT ME WITH YOUR BEST SHOT

(As recorded by Pat Benatar)

EDDIE SCHWARTZ

You're a real tough cookie with a long history
Of breaking little hearts like the one in me
That's okay let's see how you do it
Put up your dukes
Let's get down to it.

Hit me with your best shot
Why don't you hit me with your best shot
Hit me with your best shot
Fire away.

You come on with a come on
And don't fight fair
That's okay see if I care
Knock me down it's all in vain
Be right back up on my feet again.

You're a real tough cookie with a long history
Of breakin' little hearts like the one in me
Before I put another notch in my lipstick case
You better make sure you put me in my place.

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BREAKFAST IN AMERICA

(As recorded by Supertramp)

ROGER HODGSON
RICK DAVIES

Take a look at my girlfriend
She's the only one I got
Not much of a girlfriend
I never seem to get a lot
Take a jumbo 'cross the water
Like to see America
See the girls in California
I'm hoping it's going to come true
But there's not a lot I can do.

Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Na na na na na
Na na na na na.

Could we have kippers for breakfast
Mummy dear, mummy dear
They got to have 'em in Texas
'Cause ev'ryone's a millionaire
I'm a winner, I'm a sinner
Do you want my autograph
I'm a loser what a joker
I'm playing my jokes upon you
While there's nothing better to do.

Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Na na na na na
Na na na na na.

Don't you look at my girlfriend
She's the only one I got
Not much of a girlfriend
I never seem to get a lot
Take a jumbo 'cross the water
Like to see America
See the girls in California
I'm hoping it's going to come true
But there's not a lot I can do.

Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Ba ba da dow
Ba ba dow ba ba
Dow di dow di dow
Hey oh hey oh hey oh hey oh
Hey oh hey oh hey oh hey oh
Na na na na na
Na na na na na.

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HOT ROD HEARTS

(As recorded by Robbie Dupree)

STEPHEN GEYER
BILL LA BOUNTY

Ten miles east of the highway
Hot sparks burnin' the night away
Two lips touchin' together
Cheek to cheek, sweatshirt to sweater.

Young love, born in a back seat
Two hearts pound out a backbeat
Headlights, somebody's comin'
Got to move, keep on a-runnin'
With the hot rod hearts
Out on the boulevard tonight
Here come those hungry sharks
Up from the bottom for another bite.

Schoolgirl brushes her hair back
Blue jeans can't hide the bare facts
Bad boy knows where to find her
Runs the light, sneaks up behind her.

True believers livin' on the borderline
They're just dreamers killin' time
(They're just killin' time)
Killin' time, killin' time
(They're just killin' time
Out on the borderline
Times are hard)
Times are hard for those hot rod hearts
Out on the boulevard tonight
Here come those hungry sharks
Up from the bottom for another bite
Girl with the hot rod hearts tonight
Girl with the hot rod hearts tonight
Keep runnin' with the hot rod hearts
Out on the boulevard tonight.

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Now, Even If You Have Been Thin For Years, You Can

GAIN UP TO 5, 10, 15 POUNDS

without dangerous drugs, without exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines, MEN—an impressive manly body, WOMEN—a curvier, glamorous figure.

If you had started this amazing method just a few short weeks ago, right now you could be up to 5, 10, even 15 pounds heavier or more!

At last, no matter what you have tried, no matter what you have done, if you are a normally healthy person, you can gain up to 5, 10, 15 pounds or more safely, surely, pleasantly, and that's a guaranteed money-back fact.

Yes now, even if you have been thin for years, you can have the fuller, more attractive body you have always wanted without dangerous drugs, without heart-straining exercise, without unpleasant tasting medicines!

This exciting method is easy, pleasant, and medically sound beyond a shadow of a doubt, and your own Doctor could tell you the same thing.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Before meals, or whenever you feel like it, you take delicious, chewable, nutritionally fortified GAIN tablets and that's it! No other medication to take. Nothing difficult or unpleasant to do, and without even being aware of it, a wonderfully exciting change takes place.

Those high-calorie GAIN tablets are rich in body-building materials! They not only add weight themselves, but they sharpen your appetite! You look forward to mealtimes, and without even realizing it, you start to eat more and almost immediately the weight gaining process begins!

As you follow your GAIN Plan which includes nutritional high calorie menus. You add pounds and inches to your arms, legs, chest, hips, everywhere. You'll be amazed at the fantastic transformation that occurs . . . as thin, unattractive areas start to develop into new magnetic appeal. You'll be thrilled to discover that as you gain weight you will have more pep and energy for all the wonderful things in life!

SKINNY MEN AND WOMEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give the GAIN Plan a chance to help build you up and put firm flesh on you.

THINK OF WHAT THIS CAN MEAN TO YOU

If you are one of those unfortunate people who can't wear all the new high style clothes you want to wear . . . if you are ashamed of the way you look in a bathing suit . . . embarrassed because your legs are too thin and spindly . . . your chest is too flat . . . your arms aren't the full, rounded limbs they were meant to be . . . If you long for a more attractive-looking body, the safe, pleasant GAIN Plan can be the answer to your prayers!

Yes, now, with the GAIN Plan to help, it's so easy, so pleasant to add pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh . . . so fulfilling to feel better, stronger, more vital and alive! But don't take our word for it. Prove it to yourself at our risk!

If you sincerely want to gain weight, and to look better and feel better as a result,

HERE IS OUR OFFER . . .

We honestly believe the GAIN Plan to be the finest and most effective product of its type sold anywhere in the world today, and to prove our confidence, we are backing that statement up with this honest, straightforward offer . . .

Try the fabulous new GAIN Plan in your own home at our risk. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't started to see substantial weight gain within 7 days, and if you don't feel better and look better as a result, or, if you are not completely satisfied for any reason, PAY NOTHING! It's just as simple as that.

If you are in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your appearance, and your happiness, at least try it! If the GAIN Plan works the way we know it will, you'll agree it is worth the few dollars it cost.

On the other hand, if it doesn't work the way you expected, it costs you nothing, and a least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense.

What could be fairer than that? The next move is up to you. Once and for all, determine to do something about your underweight! We know you'll be happy you did.

GAIN IS SAFE

GAIN is not a dangerous drug, medicine or a fishy-tasting oil. It is made of safe, pure ingredients, contains nothing which could possibly harm you, and may even be taken with complete safety by children.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send for the GAIN Plan today. Try if for 7 days entirely at our risk. If, at the end of 7 days, you haven't started to gain pounds and inches and to look better and to feel better . . . If you aren't convinced the GAIN Plan is a safe, pleasant, way to gain weight, don't keep it! Return the empty bottle and get your money back immediately, no questions asked!

VITAL NOTE

A current issue of a famous medical journal reports on a recent government controlled study. This study, conducted over a 24 year period on 5,000 underweight and overweight men and women, proves that being underweight is as injurious to health and longevity as being overweight.

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

GAIN PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. G241
Box 2346, Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Please send my package of GAIN Plan immediately with the understanding that if I am not satisfied, I may have my money back, no questions asked.

- ☐ One GAIN PLAN for $9.98
- ☐ SAVE $2.00! Order 2 for $17.96
- ☐ SAVE $5.00! Order 3 for $25.00

Enclosed is $_____

☐ cash, ☐ check or ☐ money order

NAME _____

please print

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

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EMOTIONAL RESCUE

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER
KEITH RICHARDS

Is there nothing I can say
Nothing I can do
To change your mind
I'm so in love with you
You're too deep in
You can't get out
You're just a poor girl
In a rich man's house
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Yeah baby I'm crying over you.

Don't you know promises were never made to keep
Just like the night
They dissolve in sleep
I'll be your saviour
Steadfast and true
I'll come to your emotional rescue
I'll come to your emotional rescue
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Yeah the other night
Crying
Crying baby yeah
I'm crying
Yeah I'm crying baby
I'm like a child baby
Like a child yeah
So like a child, like a child, like a child, like a child.
You think you're one of a special breed
You think that you're his pet Pekinese
I'll be your saviour
Steadfast and true
I'll come to your emotional rescue
I'll come to your emotional rescue
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh.

Yeah I was dreaming last night
Last night I was dreaming
How you'd be mine
But I was crying
Like a child
Yeah I was crying
Crying like a child
You will be mine, mine, mine, mine, mine
All mine
You could be mine, could be mine, could be mine
All mine.
I come to you so silent in the night
So stealthy, so animal quiet
I'll be your saviour
Steadfast and true
I'll come to your emotional rescue
I'll come to your emotional rescue
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh ooh
Yeah you should be mine, mine
Ooh.
Um yes
You could be mine
Tonight and every night
I will be your knight in shining armour
Coming to your emotional rescue
You will be mine
You will be mine all mine
You will be mine
You will be mine all mine
I will be your knight in shining armour
Riding across the desert
With a fine Arab charger.

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GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

(As recorded by Alan Parsons Project)

ERIC WOOLFSON
ALAN PARSONS

Where do we go from here
Now that all other children are growin' up
And how do we spend our lives
If there's no one to lend us a hand.

I don't wanna live here no more
I don't wanna stay
Ain't gonna spend the rest of my life.
quietly fading away.

Games people play
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say
Honor brite if I promise you the moon and the stars
Would you believe it
Games people play
In the middle of the night.

Where do we go from here
Now that all other children have grown up
And how do we spend our time
Knowin' nobody gives us a damn.

Games people play
You take it or you leave it
Things that they say
Just don't make it right
If I'm telling you the truth right now
Do you believe it
Games people play
In the middle of the night.

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GUILTY

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB
MAURICE GIBB

Shadows falling baby
We stand alone
Out on the street anybody you meet
Got a heartache of their own
Make it a crime to be lonely or sad
You got a reason for living
You battle on with the love you're livin' on
You gotta be mine
We take it away
It's gotta be night and day
Just a matter of time.

And we got nothing to be guilty of
Our love will climb any mountain near or far
We are and we never let it end
We are devotion
And we got nothing to be sorry for
Our love is one in a million
Eyes can see that we got a highway to the sky
I don't wanna hear your goodbye.

Pulse's racing darling
How grand we are
Little by little we meet in the middle
There's danger in the dark
Make it a crime to be out in the cold
You got a reason for livin'
You battle on with the love you're buildin' on
You gotta be mine
We take it away
It's gotta be night and day
Just a matter of time.

And we got nothing to be guilty of
Our love will climb any mountain near or far
We are and we never let it end
We are devotion
And we got nothing to be sorry for
Our love is one in a million
Eyes can see that we got a highway to the sky
I don't wanna hear your goodbye
Don't wanna hear your goodbye
I don't wanna hear your goodbye
And we got nothing, and we got nothing to be guilty of.

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SPORTS FANS! MUSIC LOVERS! NEWS BUFFS!
NOW... wherever you are, you can listen to your favorite radio program in complete privacy!

WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO!

IT'S AMAZING! The New "Mini-Miracle" REAL AM TRANSISTOR RADIO...

Listen anywhere without disturbing anyone else!

You'll marvel at the precision workmanship that went into this TINY radio! No, it's not a crystal set. Yes, it's a real, honest-to-goodness AM transistor radio that gives you truly great reception anywhere —even in a crowd!

Look How Tiny It Is! Only 1" wide x 1½" high!

Works like a hearing aid, so you can listen to your favorite AM station in complete privacy!

Imagine! Hear your favorite sportscaster's play-by-play as you're watching the game! (You can even compare other games being played elsewhere at the same time!) Listen to music or follow the latest headlines at the beach or on the bus without annoying others! Tune in and enjoy it while your spouse or roommate is sleeping! Use it as you walk, jog, shop, wait in line, eat in a restaurant, *anywhere you choose!*

IDEAL FOR

- Sporting Events
- Traveling
- Beach
- Walking
- Jogging
- Resting
- Home, Den
- Office
- Restaurant
- Anywhere

ONLY $9.95 Miniature Batteries Included! You Don't Have To Buy Anything Extra!

At This Low Price, You'll Want To Order Several!
GIFT BOXED • IMPORTED

Makes A Perfect Gift for Every Occasion

What an original gift-giving idea! Will be appreciated by everyone of all ages! Great for travelers, teenagers, men, women! Comes on its own key-chain, all ready to pop into purse, pocket or desk.

Never again do you have to sacrifice listening to what you want to listen to because others tell you to "Pipe Down!"

•

Keep up with the latest news, stock market quotations wherever you are... great to take on vacation!

•

Incredibly lightweight— a pleasure to keep with you!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Send for your Mini-Miracle Real AM Transistor Radio today. You'll really enjoy it! Try it for 7 full days, and then, if you're not completely satisfied, just return it and you'll get every cent of your purchase price immediately! No questions asked —we'll take your word for it!

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MERIT PRODUCTS CO., 3200 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, NY 11572
A Division of M.P. Marketing Corp.

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MERIT PRODUCTS CO., Dept. R31
3200 Lawson Blvd., Oceanside, NY 11572

Yes, I want to hear my favorite radio programs wherever I am—without annoying anyone else! Please rush my Mini-Miracle Radio(s) as indicated below:

- ☐ One Mini-Miracle Radio for $9.95 plus $1.00 post. & hdlg.
- ☐ SAVE $2. Two Mini-Miracle Radios for $18.50 plus $1.50 postage and handling.
- ☐ SAVE MORE! Three Radios for only $28.00 (WE PAY POSTAGE & HANDLING).
- ☐ Check here if you wish your order sent COD. Enclose only $2 for each radio as a goodwill deposit now. Pay postman balance, plus COD charges. Same money back guarantee, of course.

NAME _____ please
ADDRESS _____ print
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

New York residents please add appropriate tax.

SEVEN BRIDGES ROAD

(As recorded by The Eagles)

STEVE YOUNG

There are stars in the southern sky
Southward as you go
There is moonlight and moss in the trees
Down the seven bridges road.

I have loved you like a baby
Like some lonesome child
I have loved you in a tame way
And I have loved you wild.

Sometimes there's a part of me
Has to turn from here and go
Running like a child beneath warm stars
Down the seven bridges road.

There are stars in the southern sky
And if ever you decide you should go
There is a taste of time sweetened honey
Down the seven bridges road.

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I'M ALRIGHT

(As recorded by Kenny Loggins)

KENNY LOGGINS

I'm alright, nobody worry 'bout me
Why, you got to gimme a fight
Can't you just let it be
I'm alright, don't nobody worry 'bout me
You got to gimme a fight
Why don't you just let me be.

Do what you like
Doin' it nat'rally
But if it's too easy
They're gonna disagree
It's your life and isn't it a mystery
If it's nobody's bus'ness
It's everybody's game.

(Repeat chorus)

"Gotta catch you later"
"No cannonball it right away"
"Some Cinderella kid
Get it up and get you a job"
(dip dip dip dip dip dip dip)
Listen to your heart beatin'
Own heart beatin', own heart beatin'
Own heart beatin', don't it get you movin m-m-m-man
It makes me feel good
Wow Cinderella kid
Then give it up and give it the job
Dip dip dip dip dip dip dip
Boom boom boom boom boom.

(Repeat chorus)

Who do you want, who you gonna be today?
And who is it really makin' up your mind
You wanna listen to the man?
Pay attention to the magistrate
And while I got you in the mood
Listen to your heart, heart beatin'
Heart beatin', heart beatin'
(Repeat chorus)

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SHANDI

(As recorded by Kiss)

PAUL STANLEY
VINI PONCIA

I just can't pretend no more
I keep runnin' out of lies
Lovin' you is killin' me inside
Every time I find the words to end it
Something in your eyes won't let it.

Shandi
Tonight must last us forever, forever
We say goodnight and go home
But you know me very well
And I know you
You can tell me goodnight
(Say goodnight).

We've been holding on so tight
We're afraid to let it go
Shake it loose we both could use the ride
Here's another mess I got myself in
And when you touch me you ain't helpin'.

Shandi
Tonight must last us forever, forever
We say goodnight and go home
But you know me very well
And I know you
You can tell me goodnight
(Say goodnight)
Say goodnight
When we should say goodbye
(Say goodbye)
Mmm yeah
Shandi
Tonight must last us forever
And ever and ever
We say goodnight and go home
Shandi
Shandi.

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GOOD MORNING GIRL

(As recorded by Journey)

STEVE PERRY
MATHEW SCHON

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

I see your face everywhere
I see your smile
Your golden hair
I see your eyes shining through
Those gentle eyes silver blue.

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

Good morning girl
It's been long
Good morning girl
To you this song
I sing it girl from the heart
I'll sing it girl from the start.

Good morning girl
How you been
Good morning girl
Is love within.

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STAY AWHILE

(As recorded by Journey)

STEVE PERRY
NEAL SCHON

I'd do anything to hold you
I'd go anywhere to touch you
I'd do anything you want me to
If you'll just stay with me awhile.

I'd sing any song your heart desires
I would sing out loud of love's sweet fires
Oo I'd do all this and so much more
If you'll just stay with me awhile.

Reach out your hand to me
Oh I'm fallin'
One minute more
I'm fallin'
I'm fallin' oh oh
Fallin'
Fallin'
Fallin'
Fallin'
Won't you just stay with me awhile.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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EVERY WOMAN IN THE WORLD

(As recorded by Air Supply)

D. BUGATTI
F. MUSKER

Overnight scenes, dinner and wine
Saturday girls
I was never in love
Never had the time
In my hustle and hurry world
Laughing myself to sleep
Waking up lonely
I, I needed someone to hold me oh.

It's such a crazy old town
It can drag you down till you run out of dreams
So you party all night to the music and lights
But you don't know what happy means
I was dancing in the dark with strangers
No love around me
When suddenly you found me oh.

Girl you're ev'ry woman in the world to me
You're my fantasy
You're my reality
Girl you're ev'ry woman in the world to me
You're ev'rything I need
You're ev'rything to me oh girl
I'll never let you go
Never let you go
Ev'ry woman in the world
You're my fantasy
You're my fantasy
Ev'ry woman in the world
Ev'rything I need
Ev'rything to me.

Ev'rything good, ev'rything fine
That's what you are
So put your hand in mine
And together we'll climb as high as the highest star
I'm living a life time in ev'ry minute that we're together
And I'm staying right here forever oh.

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LOVER'S HOLIDAY

(As recorded by Change)

TANYAYETTE WILLOUGHBY
DAVID ROMANI

Not a star shone out in the sky
That very night in pitch black city
I was so damn scared
It was dark
It was so dim
It was a shame
Just then a man walked up to me and said
"Didn't I see you before?"
The lights were low and the party was so dull
Just how could he know.

Holiday
Holiday
Celebrate.

Then we both held hands
In each other saw a chance to start a new thing
He reached deep inside of his vest
And in his hand he held a ring
Let's have lunch, picnic or brunch in the winter time
Let's disco down in a roller skating rink in Alaska town.

Holiday
Holiday
Holiday
Celebrate.

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MORE THAN I CAN SAY

(As recorded by Leo Sayer)

SONNY CURTIS
JERRY ALLISON

Oh oh yea yea
I love you more than I can say
I'll love you twice as much tomorrow
Oh love you more than I can say
Oh oh yea yea.

I miss you ev'ry single day
Why must my life be filled with sorrow
Oh love you more than I can say
Don't you know I need you so
Tell me please I gotta know
Do you mean to make me cry
Am I just another guy
Oh oh yea yea.

I love you more than I can say
I'll love you twice as much tomorrow
Oh love you more than I can say
I love you more than I can say
I love you more than I can say.

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A LITTLE IN LOVE

(As recorded by Cliff Richard)

ALAN TARNEY

It's been so long
You say you've had fun
And you've been happy with the things you've done
Now you feel strange and a little unreal
Well I can understand the way you feel
You're just a little in love
(Just a little)
You're just a little in love
(Just a little).

Well I can see what's happening to you
You feel in love but it's just not true
And there's one thing you ought to know
I need you so I'm just a little in love
(Just a little)
I'm just a little in love
(Just a little).

You know sometimes you look somewhere
You're not alone
But there's no one there
No one to turn to
No one to see the way you're feeling
A-just like me
Just a little in love
(Just a little)
You're just a little in love
(Just a little).

You say you're willing to learn
You need a friend
A friend who will help you.

'Cos you're just a little in love
Oh yeah a little in love
You are a little in love
With someone you just like to see
Like me you're in love
Oh yeah a little in love
You're in love.

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New Brush-On Natural Organic Liquid Protein Vita-Nail Penetrates Into The Pores Of Your Nails...

BUILDS UP YOUR NAILS NATURALLY

Longer, Stronger Nails In 7 Days—Guaranteed!

Never again will you have to say, *"I just can't have great fingernails."*

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- **100% Natural Organic Protein!**
- **Contains vitamins A, E, and D!**
- **Not a hardener! • Not a lacquer!**
- **Contains no formaldehyde!**
- **No shields, paper or glue!**

Now, stop just wishing for the long, strong, perfect nails you've admired in others! At last they can be yours, too—*all yours*—and *all natural!*

VITA-NAIL NOURISHES!

If your nails are dry, brittle, cracked, weak, broken or peeling, they are desperately crying out for the nourishment only VITA-NAIL gives! VITA-NAIL, truly a scientific breakthrough, is 100% pure *natural organic* liquid protein, fortified with vitamins A, E and D . . . *a complete health and beauty treatment for your nails.* And it even smooths and softens cuticles, too!

EASIER THAN POLISHING!

Just brush on, and your nails look better immediately! Polish or not, as you wish. (VITA-NAIL works over your polish, too!) Then you can type, play the piano, scrub floors, garden, change a tire, anything . . . and be completely confident that VITA-NAIL is *thoroughly* penetrating, protecting, and strengthening your nails!

Helps Damaged Nails Like Nothing Else Can! Colorless, Odorless, Absorbed Instantly, No Phony Stick-Ons, No Mess, No Sticky Residue, Absolutely Will Not Burn Or Dry Out Your Nails!

WORKS FAST—BETTER THAN ANYTHING ELSE!

No matter how damaged your nails are, VITA-NAILS starts to work the very second you brush it on! Yes, your nails are so thirsty for VITA-NAIL, all those cracks and splits soak it right up because VITA-NAIL is absorbed instantly! And no matter what else you've tried—false nails, sculptured nails, paper manicures, massage creams—*please don't be discouraged!* VITA-NAIL is guaranteed to work!

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LADY

(As recorded by Kenny Rogers)

LIONEL RICHIE JR.

Lady I'm your knight in shining armor
And I love you
You have made me what I am
And I am yours
My love there's so many ways I want to say I love you
Let me hold you in my arms forever more
You have gone and made me such a fool
I'm so lost in your love
And oh we belong together
Won't you believe in my song.

Lady your love's the only love I need
And beside me is where I want you to be
'Cause my love there's something I want you to know
You're the love of my life
You're my "lady".

Lady for so many years I thought I'd never find you
You have come into my life and made me whole
Forever let me wake to see you each and ev'ry morning
Let me hear you whisper softly in my ear
In my eyes I see no one else but you
There's no other love like our love
And yes oh yes I always want you near me
I've waited for you for so long.

Lady your love's the only love I need
And beside me is where I want you to be
'Cause my love there's something I want you to know
You're the love of my life
You're my "lady".

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TOUCH AND GO

(As recorded by The Cars)

RIC OCASEK

All I need is what you've got
All I'll tell is what you're not
All you know is what you hear
I get this way when you come near
Then know it's gone too far
Oh oh I touched your star
And it felt so right
Like the hush of midnight
Until you said
With me it's touch and go
All I need is you tonight
I'm flying like a cement kite
In your headlock on the floor
Who could ever ask for more
All I want is you tonight
I guess that dress does fit you tight
And how that look does make me shake
It almost looks too good to fake.

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DE DO DO DO, DE DA DA DA

(As recorded by The Police)

STING

Don't think me unkind
Words are hard to find
They're only checks
I've left unsigned
From the banks of chaos in my mind
And when their eloquence escapes me
Their logic ties me up and rapes me.
De do do do
De da da da
That's all I want to say to you
De do do do
De da da da
Their innocence will pull me through
De do do do
De da da da
That's all I want to say to you
De do do do
De da da da
They're meaningless and all
That's true.

Poets, priests and politicians
Have words to thank for their positions
Words that scream for your submission
No one's jamming their transmission

'Cause when their eloquence escapes you
Their logic ties you up and rapes you.

(Repeat chorus)

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SKATEAWAY

(As recorded by Dire Straits)

MARK KNOPFLER

I seen a girl on a one-way corridor
Stealing donna wrong-way street
For all the world like an urban toreador
She had wheels on, on her feet
Well the cars do the usual dances
Same old cruise kerosol crane
The roller girl she's taking chances
They just love to see her take them all.

No fears alone at night
She's sailing through the crowd
In her ears the phones are tight
And the music's playing loud.

Hallelujah here she comes
Queen rollerball enchant
What can I say
I don't care at all
You know she used to have to wait around
Used to be the lonely one
But now that she can skate around town
She's the only one, only one.
(Repeat chorus)

She gets rock 'n' roll a rock 'n' roll station
And a rock 'n' roll dream
She's making movies on location
She don't know what it means
But the music makes her wanna be the story
And the story was whatever was the song
What it was roller girl
Don't worry D.J.
Play the movies all night long, all night long.

Some slippin' and a-slidin'
Her life's rollerball
Slippin' and a-slidin' tomorrow my son
I swear she let a big truck graze her hip
She got her own world in the city
Do do do do do do
She got her own world in the city
'Cos the city's been so rude to her.

Skateaway
Sha-la, sha-lay
Hey hey
(Skateaway)
Now she's singing skateaway.

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Television Psychic Bob Ferguson shows you

MAGIC WORDS TO COMMAND MIRACLES OF WEALTH, LOVE, AND HEALTH–IN MINUTES!

Here is staggering proof, based on actual reported miracles, that what has worked for thousands will absolutely work for you!

Yes, how would you like to say some magic words, and *be showered with hundreds of dollars in as little as 45 minutes!* Or use amazing healing words, and get rid of crippling ailments instantly! Do you realize that it is possible to instantly and secretly command others to do your bidding . . . punish evil doers . . . see behind closed doors . . . be anything and have anything your heart desires . . . with magic words so simple yet so powerful, they can only be described as miraculous!

Yes, soon miracles will be happening to you every day, with the amazing secret of PSYCHIC TELEMETRY! My name is Robert A. Ferguson. You may have seen me on TV. I have shown hundreds how to use this amazingly simple power to command instant miracles to happen in minutes!

Impossible? I have staggering proof that it's not only possible but *absolutely true* and that this MIRACLE POWER WILL ABSOLUTELY WORK FOR YOU–to change your life from poverty to riches, from poor health to radiant new health, to bring whatever you desire almost instantly! I'm not exaggerating when I say the sky's the limit!

POSITIVE PROOF THAT WHAT I SAY IS TRUE!

Right now I'm going to *prove* to you how *easily* PSYCHIC TELEMETRY works for you. Remember, I cannot profit by exaggeration. What I tell you has *got* to be true, and it costs you nothing to find out for yourself.

● **HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS IN 45 MINUTES!** I have a report here from Mary D. who needed $400 quickly. She had no idea where she could get the needed money. Her sister gave her a Psychic Telemetry Enchantment to say. In only 45 minutes, she received $400 from an unexpected source!

That's chickenfeed compared to the staggering results many others have achieved with these magic words! Dave E. had been unable to find a job, and had only 3 days left before having to pay a big bill. He didn't have a cent. In one session, I showed him how to use the Psychic Telemetry Prosperity Ritual. The next morning, he was all smiles, as he reported a sudden windfall of $2,000–more than enough to pay the bill. A miracle? Of course! *Yet just a very average example of the power of these magic words!*

Dave used the Prosperity Ritual at about 9:00 P.M. At 8:00 A.M. the following morning, he got the money! As simple as that! I HAVE HUNDREDS OF CASES ON FILE, PROVING HOW EASILY MIRACLES HAPPEN with these magic words! Before I give you the next case, let me say this: DO *YOU* NEED MONEY? Say the *powerful words on page 37!* With this secret, money is always available to you!

You can get any amount of money at any time you need it! I am *telling* you the sky's the limit on how much money you can ask for and receive quickly with this power! Proof?

HOW AGNES C. WON OVER $500,000 WITH THE WORDS FOR WINNING CONTESTS!

Agnes C. was told about enchantments and spells, but insisted that she possessed no psychic powers and never had any psychic experiences. Here's what happened: she kept dreaming of a man in a flowing robe with dollar signs all over it, holding up 7 fingers, saying: "A dollar a day keeps poverty away!" She purchased a one-dollar lottery ticket.

"I simply could not believe it when my number was drawn for the grand prize (7 days later). I still can't believe it," she says. "I won over a half-million dollars." Agnes and her family are now enjoying their new lakefront home with its private boathouse and dock. They have two expensive autos and all the other luxuries money can buy.

The point is: YOU CAN USE THE *SAME* SECRET! You'll find the very words she used on page 37 of my book, and it won't cost you a single cent to find out what they are, and how they'll work for you.

MAGIC WORDS FOR MIRACLE HEALING!

Before I tell you how YOU may achieve a MIRACLE HEALING, let me tell you how a man was healed of arthritis in FIFTEEN MINUTES! A friend of mine, Louie A., tried the power Ritual for Magnetic Healing on page 146 on his next-door neighbor, Ken, who was confined to a wheelchair with arthritis. In a matter of minutes, the crippled man was WALKING! "I haven't been able to walk for months," he said, "and you got me out of my wheelchair."

Since that day, Louie has been able to heal "incurable" diseases! AND YOU CAN DO THE VERY SAME THING! This is just an average case. With this power, you can command healings like this on almost a daily basis. I'm telling you this power is FANTASTIC!

Look what you can do, with exact words I give you on page 139-140–

- Cure ulcers, nervous headache, and insomnia! Calm the nerves!
- Cure diseases of the liver and spleen–stop bleeding!
- Strengthen the eyes, control epilepsy and disorders of the stomach!
- Cure heart disease, increase circulation, and heal gout!
- Heal burns, conditions of the nose, throat and sinus, treat hay fever and asthma!

. . . and much more! With these words, you ask great rays of healing power to enfold you, pulsating within every nerve and cell of your body, cleansing, soothing and healing! Whatever you are trying to heal, you know the job will be done.

MIRACLE CURES REPORTED!

Do you realize that it is possible to get rid of crippling ailments almost instantly with healing words? You can command that all sickness and disease be banished from your body! Here is a force so powerful that it almost defies description! It can heal a withered limb or return sight to the blind . . . raise the crippled from their beds! It has brought miracle cures to the suffering and the lame!

● **KIDNEYS MIRACULOUSLY HEALED!** Evelina's only hope was to find a suitable kidney donor. She was so weak, it took two people to almost carry her to the hospital for her frequent treatments. There seemed to be little hope for her. With this method, she says–

"My whole body began to tingle–it felt like little electric shocks were playing games at the small of my back . . . suddenly . . . I knew I was healed! I leapt from my bed and ran into the living room screaming, 'I'M HEALED, I'M HEALED!' Our house was filled with tears of joy that night."

Today she is so healthy, she can hike and even climb mountains! It happens all the time with PSYCHIC TELEMETRY:

● **HOW HARVEY C.'s ASTHMA WAS CURED!** Harvey C. suffered asthma all his life. He could never run more than a few steps, without gasping for breath. Doctors were unable to cure it. I was so positive Harvey's asthma could be cured, I merely had him say the words on page 139-140. He never had another asthma attack! Now he can run and even play tennis!

● **HAROLD SAW HIS LUNG SPOT VANISH!** Harold F. was shocked, when told he had a spot on his lung, and needed an immediate operation. His wife quickly used the amazing healing words on page 145. The day before the operation, when x-rays were taken, the doctor was baffled. "I don't know how to explain this," he said. "Your lungs are perfectly clear."

MAGIC FORCES THAT WORK MIRACLES

Once you call on them, powerful forces stand ready to fulfill your every command. You can be confident that they will work a miracle.

● **HOW ALLEN F. WON $800 AT THE CRAP TABLE AFTER USING THE MAGIC WORDS ON PAGE 30!** Allen F. needed $800 by Monday morning. It was Friday already, and things looked hopeless. He's never been inside a gambling casino and knew nothing about roulette, craps, or blackjack, but he had a strange urge to try it. With only $1, he said the magic words on page 22, turned silently, and headed for the crap table. He threw the dice, and it came up 7. He tried it again and again. A crowd gathered. The dice were changed, but he kept throwing 7's. He walked away with $800!

Anyone can use these magic words. When you use them, what you command *does* happen! You can count positively on real results. It works! It is not evil–nor is it Black Magic. Like electricity, it is simply a power given by nature to make life easier!

● **MAGIC WORDS GIVE YOU POWER OVER OTHERS!** Say the magic words on page 44 to make others do your bidding. With this Enchantment, you send forth mystic rays of power to impress those whom you command to bend to your will at all times. It makes other people like putty in your hands! No one can resist you! Let me show you how easily this happens!

To use this power is simplicity itself! Say the magic words–then just sit back and relax. Within seconds, minutes at most, you will have a willing, obedient slave!

You can stand next to a person and place a thought in his or her mind. When others are asleep, you are free to speak directly to their subconscious mind. Your voice is remembered upon awakening. People obey your commands. It's fantastic!

● **MAGIC WORDS THAT BRING YOU LOVE!** Say the magic words on page 47, to command and guide the perfect partner to you . . . to command him or her to be blind to your shortcomings, and fulfill your every need and your every desire!

● **MAGIC WORDS FOR SECRET KNOWLEDGE!** The magic words on page 164 allow you to become an invisible traveler to anywhere in the world. You can listen to conversations and you can see what's going on, completely undetected. You will experience the ability to walk through walls and doors. Nothing can be kept secret from you—there is no longer such a thing as a locked door. You can enter any place at will. If you wish to know about others, you can secretly and invisibly watch their every move and hear their every word!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

ROBERT A. FERGUSON, author, lecturer, and Psychic Telemetry teacher, has been involved in the occult field for over thirty years. He has been a frequent guest on many television talk shows, and has had articles published in magazines such as *National Enquirer, Occult, Psychic World*, and others. Mr. Ferguson has been called, "The leading authority in this field" by a number of prestigious Societies in England. He has also acted as psychic consultant to top American corporations and entertainment personalities.

● **MAGIC WORDS PROTECT YOU FROM EVIL!** Say the magic words on page 51, for attunement with the pure rays of power that come to you from the Great Cosmic Mind . . . to affirm protection from every curse or evil influence . . . Say them to command divine protection, and that no evil will be able to penetrate your shield of power, and that those who would send you evil shall be powerless, and their evil shall return to them a hundredfold.

● **MAGIC WORDS TO SEE INTO THE FUTURE!** There is no need to blindly stumble into the future. When you say the magic words on page 62, your psychic eyes will open, and you will see actual visions of future events. Vision upon vision will flash brilliantly into your mind. If there is danger ahead, Cosmic Mind will flash you the warning so a possible catastrophe can be avoided. If there is tremendous goodness in the future, all will be revealed to you!

THE AMAZING SECRET OF COSMIC DUST!

On page 204, I tell you the amazing secret of *Cosmic Dust:* how to make it and USE it to bring *good fortune, punish evil doers,* and *heal the sick!* The 3 needed ingredients are easy and inexpensive to obtain. (You may already have them, in your kitchen or basement storage areas.) Put a level teaspoon of each in a bowl and mix well. Your Cosmic Dust is then ready to work amazing miracles for you!

You owe it to yourself to try it! Could anything be fairer? Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon–TODAY!

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of PSYCHIC-TELEMETRY: *New Key to Health, Wealth and Perfect Living* by Robert A. Ferguson! I enclose $10.95 plus $2 postage and handling. I may examine this book for a full 30 days or return it for prompt refund of purchase price.

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WOMAN IN LOVE

(As recorded by Barbra Streisand)

BARRY GIBB
ROBIN GIBB

Life is a moment in space
When the dream is gone
It's a lonelier place
I kiss the morning goodbye
But down inside you know we never know why
The road is narrow and long
When eyes meet eyes
And the feeling is strong
I turn away from the wall
I stumble and fall
But I give you it all.

I am a woman in love
And I'd do anything to get you into my world
And hold you within
It's a right I defend
Over and over again
What do I do.

With you eternally mine
In love there is no measure of time
We planned it all at the start
That you and I live in each other's heart
We may be oceans away
You feel my love
I hear what you say
No truth is ever a lie
I stumble and fall
But I give you it all.

I am a woman in love
And I'm talkin' to you
I know how you feel
What a woman can do
It's a right I defend
Over and over again.

I am a woman in love
And I'll do anything to get you into my world
And hold you within
It's a right I defend
Over and over again
What do I do.

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ONE STEP CLOSER

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

KEITH KNUDSEN
JOHN McFEE
CARLENE CARTER

Baby, there's a chance you ought to take
Chance of a mistake you gotta make
Maybe I'm mistaken to take my chance with you
I need you like a shadow needs a light
I'll follow you like morning follows night
When nothin's left ahead of you
I'll be right behind you
Shadows disappear at night
We both know it's a shame if you should lose one
Why is it so hard to find
Tell me that you're right there too.

One step baby
One step baby
Two steps maybe
One step closer
One step closer
I'll be there baby
I'll be next to you.

Baby, it's a secret I can't keep
Trouble comes and suddenly you're weak
I don't believe you got the strength
To fight this kind of love
I know it's risky now and then
What with all the what ifs and the whens
Who is there to say we're wrong
To tell us it can't be
Come on, baby, please don't go
I'm no heart of stone and you know why is it so hard to do
Tell me that you're right here too baby.

Baby, can't you see we're runnin' late
Can't you see we ain't got time to wait
Might be that you're scared of me
Something you might feel
Hold on to me baby hold on tight
I can take us through the night all right
Maybe I will stay here too
Take my chance with you.

Shadows disappear at night
We both know it's a shame if you should lose one
Why is it so hard to find
Tell me that you're right there too.

One step baby
One step baby
Two steps maybe
One step closer
One step closer.

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YOU SHOOK ME ALL NIGHT LONG

(As recorded by AC/DC)

YOUNG
YOUNG
JOHNSON

She was a fast machine
She kept her motor clean
She was the best damn woman
That I've ever seen
She had sightless eyes
Tellin' me no lies
Knockin' me out with those American thighs
Takin' more than her share
Had me fightin' for air
She told me to come
But I was already there
Cos the walls start shakin'
The earth was quakin'
My mind was achin'
And we were makin' it.

You shook me all night long
Yeah you shook me all night long.

Workin' double time on the seduction line
She was one of a kind
She just mine all mine
Want no applause just another course
Made a meal outta me
And came back for more
Had to cool me down
To take another round
Now I'm back in the ring
To take another swing
Cos the walls were shakin'
The earth was quakin'
My mind was achin'
And we were makin' it.

You shook me all night long
Yeah you shook me all night long
(Knocked me out)
You shook me all night long
(You had me shakin' and)
You shook me all night long.

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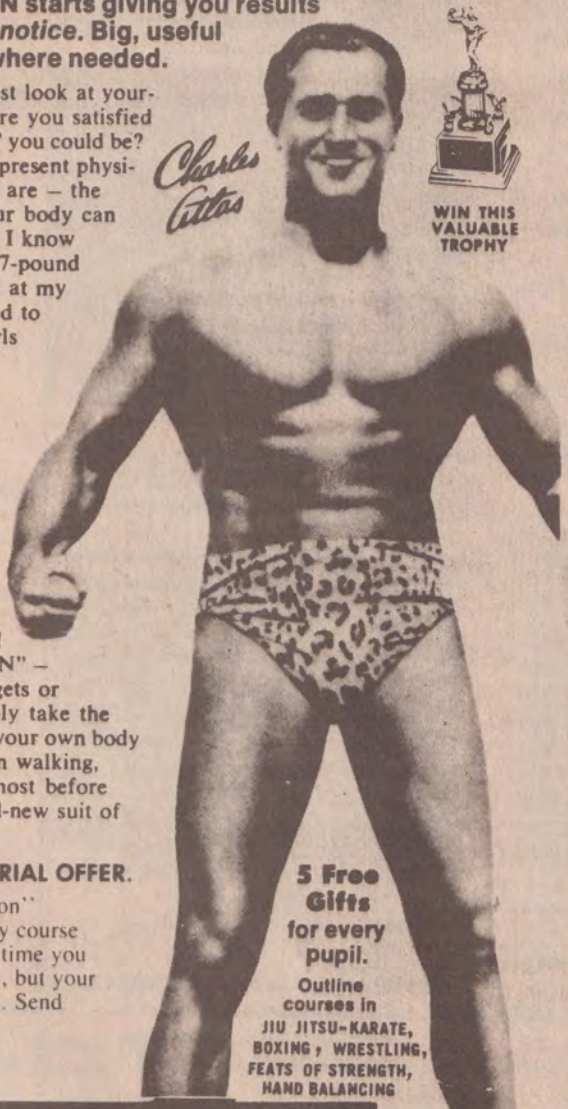
An ATLAS BODY? In 7 days

my method of DYNAMIC-TENSION starts giving you results you can *feel* and your friends will *notice*. Big, useful muscles. Gain pounds in weight where needed. Lose "pot belly." Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body – or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be? No matter how ashamed you are of your present physical condition – or how old or young you are – the "sleeping" muscles already present in your body can turn you into a REAL man! Believe me, I know – because I was once a skinny, scrawny 97-pound half-alive weakling! People used to laugh at my build and make fun of me. I was ashamed to strip for sports or the beach . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of healthy competition.



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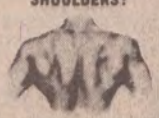

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I'M COMING OUT

(As recorded by Diana Ross)

BERNARD EDWARDS
NILE RODGERS

I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show.

There's a new me coming out
And I just have to live
And I wanna give
I'm completely positive
I think this time around
I am gonna do it
Like you never knew it oh
I'll make it through
The time has come for me to break out of this shell
I have to shout that I am coming out.

I got to show the world
All that I want to be
All my abilities
There's so much more to me
Somehow I'll have to make them just understand
I got it well in hand
And oh how I've planned
I'm spreadin' love
And there's no need to fear
And I just feel so good
Ev'ry time I hear.

I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show
I'm coming out
I want the world to know
Got to let it show.

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SAME OLD LANG SYNE

(As recorded by Dan Fogelberg)

DANIEL FOGELBERG

Met my old lover in the grocery store
The snow was falling Christmas Eve
I stole behind her in the frozen foods
And I touched her on the sleeve.

She didn't recognize the face at first
But then her eyes flew open wide
She went to hug me and she spilled her purse
And we laughed until we cried.

We took her groc'ries to the check-out stand
The food was totalled up and bagged
We stood there lost in our embarrassment
As the conversation dragged.

We went to have ourselves a drink or two
But couldn't find an open bar
We bought a six-pack at the liquor store
And we drank it in her car.

We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to now
We tried to reach beyond the emptiness
But neither one knew how.

She said she'd married her an architect
Who kept her warm and safe and dry
She would have liked to say she loved the man
But she didn't like to lie.

I said the years had been a friend to her
And that her eyes were still as blue
But in those eyes I wasn't sure
If I saw doubt or gratitude.

She said she saw me in the record stores
And that I must be doing well
I said the audience was heavenly
But the travelling was hell.

We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to now
We tried to reach beyond the emptiness
But neither one knew how.

We drank a toast to innocence
We drank a toast to time
Reliving in our eloquence
Another "auld lang syne".

The beer was empty and our tongues were tired
And running out of things to say
She gave a kiss to me as I got out
And I watched her drive away.

Just for a moment I was back at school
And felt that old familiar pain
And as I turned to make my way back home
The snow turned into rain.

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GOT TO ROCK ON

(As recorded by Kansas)

STEVE WALSH

It's no fun hanging around
Winter seems so numbing
Getting fat where I sit down
Do you s'pose it's old age coming
I get this feeling I'm no good for nothing
Life has lead me wrong
Once in a while it makes it all worthwhile
If I can sing this song.

I got to rock on
I can't be this way
I'm hanging around
But wait 'till music's in season
That's when I'm high
That is how I play
And I do it the best
That's all I need for a reason.

Can't think straight can't think at all
Staring out the window
Hear the band I hear them call
Ev'rything will disappear
And I get the feeling I can conquer anything that gets in my way
Don't need no doctor
'Cause I know exactly what I need today.

I got to rock on
I can't be this way
I'm hanging around
But wait 'till music's in season
That's when I'm high
That is how I play
And I do it the best
That's all I need for a reason.

The sun beats down upon me
And it looks as though that spring has waited long enough to get here
She knows that I must sing about her future or sing about her past
I love to play my music and I try to make it last
But sometimes summer comes too fast.

I got to rock on
I can't be this way
I'm hanging around
But wait 'till music's in season
That's when I'm high
That is how I play
And I do it the best.

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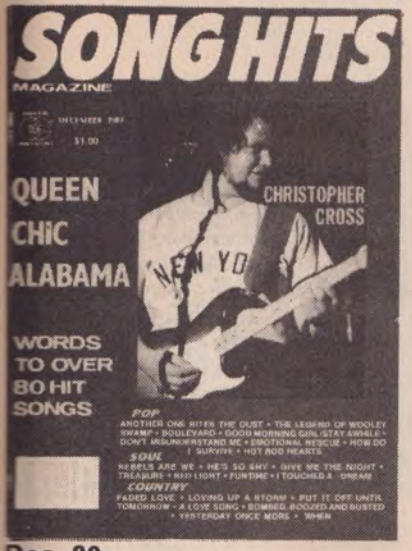

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ALL OUT OF LOVE

(As recorded by Air Supply)

GRAHAM RUSSELL

I'm lying alone with my head on the phone
Thinking of you till it hurts
I know you hurt too, but what else can we do
Tormented and torn apart.

I wish I could carry your smile in my heart
For times when my life seems so low
It would make me believe what tomorrow could bring
When today doesn't really know
Doesn't really know.

I'm all out of love
I'm so lost without you
I know you were right
Believing for so long
I'm all out of love
I can't be too late
To say that I was so wrong.

I want you to come back and carry me home
Away from these long lonely nights
I'm reaching for you
Are you feeling it too
Does the feeling seem oh so right.

And what would you say if I called on you now
And said that I can't hold on
There's no easy way
It gets harder each day
Please love me or I'll be gone
I'll be gone.
(Repeat chorus)

Oh, what are you thinking of
What are you thinking of
What are you thinking of
What are you thinking of.

(Repeat chorus)

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DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME

(As recorded by Rossington Collins Band)

A. COLLINS
B. HARWOOD
D. KRANTZ

Oh well I know where you're goin'
I see where you've been
Don't you know by now
You've gotta take life on the chin
Still you sit and wonder
Why the past is gone
Baby you'll go under if you don't carry on.

Don't misunderstand me
I realize it ain't easy to take
But you've been hidin'
And I've been ridin' like the wind
To find you.

I don't need no promises
Just tell me the truth
Mister keep it honest
That's all I ask of you
Don't be second guessin'
'Bout where you want to be
Baby count your blessings
'Cause you won't find one like me.

Don't misunderstand me
I realize it ain't easy to take
But you've been hidin'
I've been ridin' like the wind
To find you.

Well now lady get your dress on
Grab them fancy shoes
Honey I'm ready and waitin' on you
Time is surely wastin'
We've so much to do
We're both too smart to be fakin'.

And I know it doesn't matter
Which road we take
Or if it's your way or my way
Well now lady let me tell you
What we're gonna do
We're gonna ride every highway.

Don't misunderstand me
Babe I realize it ain't easy to take
But you've been hidin'
And I've been ridin' like the wind
To find you
To find you
To find you
To find you.

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LOVE ON THE ROCKS

(As recorded by Neil Diamond)

NEIL DIAMOND
GILBERT BECAUD

Love on the rocks
Ain't no surprise
Pour me a drink
And I'll tell you some lies
Got nothing to lose
So you just sing the blues all the time
Gave you my heart
Gave you my soul
You left me alone here with nothing to hold
Yesterday's gone
Now all I want is a smile.

First they say they want you
How they really need you
Suddenly you find you're out there
Walking in a storm
When they know they have you
Then they really have you
Nothing you can do or say
You've got to leave just get away
We all know the song.

You need what you need
You can say what you want
Not much you can do
When the feeling is gone
May be blue skies above
But it's cold when your love's on the rocks.

First they say they want you
How they really need you
Suddenly you find you're out there
Walking in a storm
When they know they have you
Then they really have you
Nothing you can do or say
You've got to leave just get away
We all know the song.

Love on the rocks
Ain't no surprise
Pour me a drink
And I'll tell you some lies
Yesterday's gone
And now all I want is a smile.

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Rush is Neil Peart (drums), Alex Lifeson (guitar) and Geddy Lee (bass and vocals).

Photo Courtesy Mercury Records

RUSH TO GLORY

Pleasing Most of the People All of the Time.

by Andy Secher

"I just can't figure why some people keep dumping on us," Rush's blond guitarist Alex Lifeson blurted out as he slumped into a dressing room chair. Lifeson and cohorts Neil Peart (drums) and Geddy Lee (bass and vocals), had just finished a rousing performance for 15,000 appreciative fans. Even so, as Lifeson slowly unbuttoned his sweat-drenched shirt, his annoyance became increasingly apparent.

"Sometimes I look at the charts, or listen to the crowds roar, and I say to myself, 'Hey, everything's goin' along pretty well.' Then I read somewhere about how Rush is too complex for their own good, or how pompous we are. I'll tell you, stuff like that can get to you after a while. We're in the business of pleasing people with our music, and it can get awful annoying when some people refuse to accept what you're trying to do."

Lifeson's indignation isn't entirely without cause. In the last eight years, Rush has emerged, quite unintentionally, of course, as rock's answer to Rodney Dangerfield. It seems that no matter how hard they try, they just don't get no respect. Even with their more recent LPs, notably last year's platinum **Permanent Waves,** ranking among the most highly successful heavy-metal albums in rock history, this Canadian power trio remains a favorite target for both critical journalists and more "aesthetically" inclined rock fans.

With a style somewhat dependent on overbearing instrumental pyrotechnics and mystically inane lyrics, Rush long ago earned a reputation as an ostentatious hard rock band. With their latest LP, **Moving Pictures,** they've trimmed the excess from their metallic style. What's left is powerful, intricate and undeniably entertaining.

"I realize that much of what we did on our earlier albums went over our audience's head."

"I really don't see what all the fuss is about," Geddy Lee laughed as he peered over the top of his huge oval glasses. "We're not exactly newcomers to this business, but all of a sudden it seems like that music world has discovered that we exist. We've put out some pretty good records over the last few years, and we've built up a core of fans who've helped turn almost every one of them gold. I like to think that we've developed a distinctive style, that people can hear and immediately identify as new Rush.

"Sure we've had our share of critical abuse, but honestly, how many rock and roll bands haven't? We know what we want to do with our music, and we're not about to let anyone's opinion change that. I must say though," he added with an impish smile, "it's kind'a nice to finally be noticed by a wider audience. I guess that's what every performer really wants."

While Lee may seem somewhat casual when discussing Rush's recent success, the band's members are the first to admit that their current albums represent a major stylistic shift from earlier works. Unlike their concept albums **2112** and **Hemisphere** (both of which were heavily steeped in mythology, mysticism and science fiction), the later LPs now boost not only Lifeson's fiery guitar and Lee's screeches, but a clarity and impact that were previously lost and more complex musical meanderings.

"I realize that much of what we did on our earlier albums went over our audiences' head," drummer Neil Peart confessed. "We were trying to show how diverse hard rock could be. I think we did that extremely well, but our approach did have a number of built-in limitations. We got to the point where we were using an entire side of **Hemispheres** to do only one song, so we realized that we'd have to

Alex Lifeson: "It can get awful annoying when some people refuse to accept what you're trying to do."

Bob Leafe

trim down our aspirations a bit. We started in that direction with **Permanent Waves,** and now with **Moving Pictures** I think we've really succeeded. We've tried to present songs that stand on their own without being part of an overall concept."

"In the absence of a single, many songs on **Moving Pictures** depict, according to Peart, "our view of life." "There's one song on the album called *The Camera Eye,* which examines the phenomenon of being able to recall various things in your life," Peart explained. "We're all very interested in cameras and film work, especially Geddy, so a title like **Moving Pictures** fits right in with our interests.

"My favorite song on the album is *Limelight,*" Peart continued. "It's about coming to terms with the attention one gets by being a rock and roll performer. It's interesting to me because I've always had difficulty seeing members of Rush — particularly myself — as rock stars. We've always been most concerned with the creative and artistic processes and the 'star trip' mentality is something that we've never really experienced. I guess it's a natural part of the business, but in this band we've been very self-conscious at times, so we try to keep our feet on the ground and always stay in touch with what the fans want."

"What the fans want — and get — is one of the most elaborate rock spectaculars featuring flashy musicianship and films that graphically depict some of the songs' themes.

For instance, their opus **Hemisphere** — presented with creative screen animation — is the half-hour long highlight of the group's concert performance.

"Then I read somewhere how Rush is too complex for their own good, or how pompous we are."

"The visual aspect of our shows is as important as the music," Geddy Lee explained. "While our albums may not delve into as many complex themes as they used to, our music, especially onstage, is still very involved with science fiction and mythology. Certain songs we've done seem to lend themselves very well to the use of animation, especially a number like *Hemisphere,* which touches on everything from space travel to black holes. We feel that a strong overall presentation is very important to the impact of our shows. Of course, we could just rely on our music, but we've never been satisfied taking the easy way out."

Though admittedly limited by its three-man, heavy-metal approach, Rush remains fresh and viable because each band member contributes to the song-writing process. Peart supplies practically all of the band's lyrics, and Lee and Lifeson handle the musical responsibilities, creating an almost assembly-line efficiency. The songs still reflect the individual interests and personality of each band member.

"Normally, I write the lyrics first and hand them over to Alex and Geddy who'll shape the music around 'em," Peart explained. "That way we're all involved in the creative process. Because of that, we've developed an affinity for one another. Our lineup is a handicap; actually, it's our greatest strength."

"We have more self confidence than ever before," Peart added. "We know what's best for the band, and, more importantly, we follow our own advice. Recently, as an example, people were telling us to follow up **Permanent Waves** with a live album that would cover everything from **Hemisphere** to **Spirit of Radio.** But we had so much good studio material ready that it would be silly to release a live album. This band has a sense of purpose and a feeling of unity that's really incredible."

With the success of **Moving Pictures,** Rush stands on the verge of claiming recognition as one of the premier hard rock bands. They have finally conquered whatever musical stigmas that have plagued their career. By infusing new ideas into their metallic style Rush has become the spearhead of heavy-metal's creative evolution.□

Arthur D'amario III/RETNA

Geddy Lee: "The visual aspect of our shows is as important as the music."

AC/DC ARE BACK IN BLACK

"It's a long way to the top if you want to rock 'n' roll."

by Andy Secher

Ron Pownall

Angus Young atop new lead singer Brian Johnson: "Everyone loved Bon, and I thought they might look at me as an outsider."

Angus Young, AC/DC's pint-sized lead guitarist was stretched flat on his back behind a wall of Marshall amplifiers, an oxygen mask strapped to his face, his body drenched with sweat. His band had just finished their set at New York's Palladium Theatre, and as the sold-out crowd rose to their feet, a growing chant of "AN-GUS" "AN-GUS" began to shake the ancient arena's grime covered walls.

As if drawing strength from the crowds' frenzied response, the diminutive guitar demon slowly rose to his feet and once-again strapped on his cordless, red Gibson SG. Still hidden from the audiences' view, he took one deep breath, flashed a weary smile to his brother Malcolm, and launched into the first blazing chords of the band's encore, *Whole Lotta Rosie*. As a thousand lit matches turned the Palladium into the world's largest rotisserie, Angus hit the stage, a blur of pure rock & roll energy, and as the rest of the band quickly followed him into the spotlight, a roar of adulation permeated the air, signalling one undeniable fact — AC/DC was back, and they were better than ever!

© Ed Rottinger

Bon Scott's death shocked AC/DC: "We really wondered if we could continue without Bon."

The last year has not been the easiest of times for this five-man Australian hard rock band. It was only a few months ago that they seemed on top of the rock world. Their fourth State-side album, **Highway to Hell,** had passed the mythical "platinum" plateau, and it seemed apparent that they were on the verge of blossoming into one of the most influential, and commercially successful, heavy-metal bands in the world. But just when their five-year-long struggle to win over American rock audiences seemed won, tragedy struck. Lead singer, Bon Scott, whose raunchy vocals and macho stance had provided the band with much of their appeal, was found frozen to death in his car in the outskirts of London, apparently the victim of an overindulgence of alcohol on a bitter-cold winter's night.

Scott's tragic death promptly quelled the winds of success that had been blowing into AC/DC's high-flying sails. In fact, as rhythm guitarist Malcolm Young remembers, the band was in such disarray in the wake of Bon's passing, that there was even talk of the group disbanding. "There was obviously a lot of confusion and second guessing on our part right then," he said. "We really wondered if we could continue without Bon. But we began to realize that he died the way he would have wanted to, and we also saw that we just couldn't give up after all the hard work we had put into making the band successful. We knew that we'd have to work extra hard to get back our momentum, but we knew that we had to go on."

Of course the first problem that the band faced was finding a replacement for Scott. Not only would this singer have to be able to handle the rigorous demands of vocally combating Angus' metallic barage night after night, but he would also have to project the rough 'n' tumble image the AC/DC's fans demanded. After weeks of auditions, the decision was made; Brian Johnson, formerly lead vocalist with the Scottish band Geordie, was to be the man to fill Scott's rock & roll shoes. "I've got to admit I was a bit nervous about joining the band", he said in his heavy brogue backstage after the show. "I really hadn't played in about four years when the lads contacted me about joining up. I really wasn't sure at first, but they're all so persuasive that I knew in my heart that I really had no choice."

While watching the band perform at the Palladium (only their third American show since Scott's death), one couldn't help but notice that Bon's passing had served to draw the band's surviving members closer together. Their sound seemed more volatile than ever, with Angus' booming guitar runs being echoed by Malcolm's equally fiery riffs, and the rock-steady rhythm section of Phil Rudd on drums and Cliff Williams on bass, pounding along at a frenetic rate. But at the heart of things, cutting through the band's thick wall of metal, was Johnson's raspy voice, serving as a clarion call to rally AC/DC's loyal fans together, and proclaim that despite their personal tragedy, they were still the best rock & roll band in the world.

"The reception's been great everywhere we've gone," Johnson said between sips from his ever-present bottle of beer. "Of course I was a little worried when I first joined up that the people wouldn't accept me. Everyone loved Bon, and I thought they might look at me as an outsider, but everything has just gone down incredibly well. We've dedicated our new album, **Back In Black,** to him. The title's our way of paying our last respects, but we all know that the only way that we can really keep his memory alive is to keep on rocking as loud and as hard as possible, and that's what we're aiming to do. Angus is playing better than ever, and as long as that's happening, AC/DC can't help but be one of the most exciting bands around."

As Johnson indicated, there can be no question that the key to the band's continued success rests on

the narrow shoulders of the one and only Angus Young. Perhaps no other sight in contemporary music can match that of baby-faced Angus on stage, dressed in his tattered "schoolboy" uniform, his trademark jacket and shorts drenched in sweat, and his little cap sitting precariously atop his constantly bobbing head. His nose seems to be perpetually dripping on his jacket lapels, and his bare knees are covered with a vast array of cuts and scratches, but nothing seems to hinder the amazing flow of energy that passes directly from his wildly gyrating body into his thunderous guitar outbursts.

From the moment he appears on stage, everyone's attention is immediately riveted on Angus, the human dynamo, a little boy mastering a man's game. He struts and prances, his body shaking with every beat, and just as the band's show builds to a fever pitch, he launches himself out into the audience, guitar in hand, making a wild dash through the crowd while never mising a lick on his Gibson's battered strings.

"Angus is still the key to this band," agreed brother Malcolm, as he sat trying to regain his energy following the band's intense two-hour show. "He's really an incredible showman and a pretty good guitarist as well. Sometimes he gets a little sloppy during a show because he's so involved with moving around all the time. But I don't think that there's another guitarist around who can play with as much control and power as he does. A lot of people just look at him in his uniform and they forget that he's a great musician.

"The 'schoolboy' thing started when he was only about eleven years old. He was playing in a band with a lot of older guys, and they used to dress him up that way and then advertise the show by saying, 'come and see the little guitar star'. It's reached the point now where I don't think he'd even go on stage if he wasn't dressed like that. It's become his security blanket, and part of his personality. People laugh until they hear him play — then they just shut up and listen. When you hear what he's been able to do on the album, you really have to be amazed. I honestly don't think that there's anyone better."

With **Back In Black** serving to reaffirm the band's commitment to playing what Malcolm described as "headbanger rock & roll", AC/DC has again become a principle catalyst for the hard rock renaissance that continues to sweep through the United States and Europe. New tunes like *Hells Bells*, and *Rock And Roll Ain't Noise Pollution* exhibit a raw power that make even their hardest rocking competitors pale in comparison. On every cut they play with such passion and energy that it becomes virtually impossible not to be enthralled with their straight-forward style.

"We view rock & roll as a common denominator for people," Brian Johnson said as he readjusted the cap that had been pulled tight over his head since well before the band went on stage. "Everybody should be able to get into our type of music. We play simple, but we play with feeling —we're not a contrived and emotionless thing like disco. We've been through a pretty rough time in this band over the last few months, but we've come out believing more than ever in what we're doing. We believe in the power of rock & roll."

It's taken AC/DC only five years to rise from being a faceless bar band back home in Sydney, Australia, to become one of the most recognized hard rock groups in the world. As they stated in one of their earliest songs, "It's a long way to the top if you want to rock & roll", and despite the tragic roadblocks that threatened to detour their path to success, their outrageous and energetic sound continues to serve as a joyous affirmation of the unique music that can only be attained by great rock music. It seems that the five young men who comprise this special band called AC/DC will never lose their desire to live by that simple and direct credo: Let There Be Rock!□

Michael N. Marks

Brother Malcolm on Angus: "He's really an incredible showman and a pretty good guitarist."

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